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The Shape of Things

THE PRESS CONTINUES TO ACT AS IF THE debate between De Gaulle and Giraud were no more than the wrangling of horse-traders or the jealous bickering of a couple of prima donnas. That temperament and ambition play a part cannot be doubted. But the same would be true of any great political struggle, from a Presidential election down, and the intrusion of such personal factors in no way diminishes the importance of the issues at stake. De Gaulle's effort to purge the Committee of Liberation and the administrative offices under it of fascists and collaborationists cannot be effectively countered with the charge that he is self-seeking and vain. Yet this is what a major part of the press is trying to do. It seems to believe that for every Vichyite Giraud is generous enough to lay on the table, De Gaulle should be prepared to toss in a Fighting Frenchman. From a political point of view, this is nonsense. The only hope of a genuine concentration of French power and patriotism lies in a purge of those men who, because of their records, are disliked and suspected by democratic elements in France as well as North Africa. Americans who had an opportunity to watch the behavior of the Vichyites during the early days of our invasion tell hair-raising tales of political sabotage and anti-Allied maneuvers. And yet today De Gaulle is attacked because he wants to clean these men out. We hope and believe he will stand firm.

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TO POPE PIUS XII WE ARE INDEBTED FOR A revealing picture of Italy on the brink of social upheaval. It is noteworthy in the first place that in a moment of dire crisis, with the country's man-power presumably on the alert, 25,000 workers are permitted by the Fascist regime to gather at the Vatican to hear the Pope's words. Apparently there are tides running in Italy which can no longer be checked by the Ovra. Their nature is clear from the emphasis in the pontifical address: "The weight of the present difficulties is felt by the mass of workers, who are burdened and afflicted more than others." "Working men and women conscious of their responsibility for the common good feel and appreciate their duty not to aggravate the burden of extraordinary difficulties under which peoples are groaning by presenting their claims in this hour of universal and

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imperious needs in a noisy manner and through inconsiderate action." Denouncing the "false prophets" of revolution, the Pope revealed their open activity. "Such friends of the people you have already heard in the public streets. . . . You recognize their promises on handbills." Perhaps even more significant, he reflected the growing opposition to the war by condemning the propaganda now "circulating among the people . . . that the Pope wished the war, that the Pope supports the war." It is a bitter day for Mussolini when he must either let Italians hear his great martial adventure denounced by the Pope or deny himself the Vatican's aid in stemming the tide of revolution.

*

THE LATEST APPOINTMENTS ANNOUNCED BY James F. Byrnes as head of the new Office of War Mobilization confirm the diagnosis put forward by our Washington editor two weeks ago, when the OWM was first announced. Although ten Senators asked Byrnes to appoint WPB Vice-Chairman Charles E. Wilson as his production adviser, Byrnes chose Bernard M. Baruch and Frederick Searls. Both Baruch and Searls are associated with the army crowd that is hostile to production scheduling and to the creation of a genuine over-all war-mobilization machine. Baruch's point of view has always been that a civilian war agency like the WPB should confine itself to the job of supplying raw materials, leaving control of the production and scheduling of munitions to the armed services. Searls resigned as head of the WPB Facilities Bureau when Ferdinand Eberstadt, former chairman of the Army-Navy Munitions Board, left the WPB. In our opinion the only hope of meeting this year's giant production goals is by more stringent scheduling than ever, but a large section of big business and of the military-naval bureaucracy is opposed to this. There is grave danger that through Byrnes and his new office they will succeed not only in subordinating Wilson but in pushing him out of the picture. With him would go the principal hope of a more efficient flow of components, materials, and men to the production line.

*

THE RIDICULOUSLY MILD SENTENCES THAT Federal Judge Thomas W. Slick imposed on the Anaconda Wire and Cable Company are certainly no deterrent to cheating the government in time of war. The Judge levied a total of $31,100 in fines after the company and its indicted officials had pleaded *nolo contendere* to a $5,000,000 fraud. Prison sentences were suspended. A plea of *nolo contendere* is the equivalent of a plea of guilty in most jurisdictions, and the indictments the company preferred not to contend tell a story that can only be called sabotage of the war effort, deliberate sabotage. This is made clearer in the statement issued by Attorney General Francis Biddle after the sentences were imposed, a statement almost universally ignored by the press. Biddle said the government was prepared to prove not merely the sale of defective wire and cable to the armed services but deliberate use of mechanisms to fool inspectors. Inspection labels were removed from tested and approved material and affixed to untested defective cable. Such practices, according to Biddle, had been going on for ten years. This makes it easy to understand the confident statement made by the general manager of all Anaconda mills to his mill foremen. "Any employee," Biddle quotes him as saying, "who is not able to get wire past these jerk inspectors ought not to be working in the plant."

*

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE'S 1943 "food goals" have been badly upset by floods in the Mississippi Valley, drought in North Dakota, and unseasonable weather in other sections. The aim was an over-all increase of 4 per cent in plantings, but this has not been achieved, and in any case it would not have meant a corresponding increase in production unless conditions were as favorable as last year. Now the department's crop forecasters have stated that aggregate yields will in fact be lower than in 1942 although above the 1931-42 average. Unfortunately, the demand for food for both domestic consumption and export is also much above the average for the last decade. And it is no great comfort to be told by Food Administrator Chester Davis that total food production this year will "about match" that of 1942. For if this prediction is borne out by events, it will be because of an increased livestock production beyond the country's feed capacity. This would probably result in excess slaughterings next winter and a temporary flush in meat supplies followed by a severe shortage in animal products thereafter.

*

NOT MUCH CAN BE DONE NOW TO ENLARGE the current harvest beyond seeing that the necessary manpower is made available and distributed properly. But if we are to maintain sufficient supplies to feed our population and fulfil our obligations to hungry Europe we must begin immediately to plan for 1944. This was the burden of Mr. Hoover's speech last week to the American Farm Bureau Federation, though unfortunately he was more concerned with scoring political points than making constructive suggestions. For instance, while he rightly criticized the division of authority in regard to food production and distribution, his suggestion that all power should be concentrated in the hands of Chester Davis would mean abandoning the consumers of the country to a man closely associated with the farm bloc if not completely under its thumb. Moreover, while the ex-President damned the Administration's mistakes freely, he failed to mention—perhaps out of consideration for his hosts—the extent to which its hands had

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been tied by legislation dictated by the agricultural lobbies. Mr. Hoover made great play with the fact that since 1932 land planted to the seventeen leading crops has been reduced by 47,000,000 acres. He did not mention that a considerable fraction of this acreage was devoted to cotton, of which we have an unwieldy surplus, and that a good part of the remainder was marginal land which should never have been brought under the plow. Out in Kansas men are already worried lest the pressure for production force the breaking up of grassland and the creation of a new dust bowl. Before resorting to such desperate measures we should attempt to make better use of our arable acres even if this means upsetting Mr. Hoover's Farm Bureau friends by restricting unneeded crops which have been made profitable by artificial supports.

*

FROM ICELAND, INDIA, AND AFRICA COME stories about what our fighting forces think of the semi-monthly refusals of John L. Lewis and his miners to "trespass" on company property without benefit of contract. To anyone with an advance thought for the stresses and strains of the demobilization days, these reports do not make light summer reading. The resentment is acute, and the overtones are threatening. "It is a sad commentary on the American trade-union movement," writes Herbert Matthews from India, "that hundreds of thousands of soldiers would gladly become strike-breakers." It would be a great mistake, we believe, to imagine that these stories are merely the exaggerated effusions of a hostile press. Whatever the men in the army may feel about the merits of the miners' case, however much they may uphold the processes of collective bargaining, it is dead certain that they are storing up a bitterness for those who down tools while they themselves fix bayonets. We wonder if they know that Lewis today leans for support not on the labor movement as a whole, or on the Roosevelt Administration, but on elements whose distaste for the war or whose loathing of the Administration exceeds even their traditional hatred of trade unionism. We should like it to be known to the men at the front that Westbrook Pegler indignantly defends Lewis against the charge of striking against the government. And we should like them to know of the touching sympathy displayed by the New York *Daily News* for the heroic measures taken by Mr. Lewis to return his men to the mines at once when that untouchable in the White House compelled him to back down.

*

MAYOR "I-AM-THE-LAW" FRANK HAGUE OF Jersey City has once more made use of his dictatorial power over the administration and courts of Hudson County to attempt to "liquidate" all opposition to his rule. Two members of the City Affairs Committee, a small group of men who have been seeking to reform Jersey City politics for years, have been indicted for "tampering" with the election records. One of these men, J. Owen Grundy, is reported to have confessed under great pressure and to be prepared to testify against the other, John R. Longo, an Edison-appointed deputy county clerk who has already served one jail sentence for opposition to the Hague machine. The indictment of Grundy and Longo is especially strange in view of the fact that no indictments have ever resulted from the hundreds of fraudulent election charges presented to the Hudson County grand jury by the Superintendent of Elections. Leo Rosenblum, another member of the City Affairs Committee, who was appointed to the State Tax Board in Hudson County by Governor Edison, has been charged with draft evasion by a Jersey City draft board, although he has twice been rejected by the army and had appealed to the board to be placed in Class 1-a. Prior to these incidents another vigorous Hague opponent, Mayor Donovan of Bayonne, was indicted on what appear to be trumped-up charges just before election. The case has never come to trial, but Donovan is reliably reported to be ruined financially and crushed mentally as a result of his experiences. There is little hope that any of these men will receive justice in the Hague-controlled courts unless public interest and concern for civil rights by decent citizens outside Hudson County is sufficiently aroused to frighten Mr. Hague.

Something to Veto

THE labor movement as a whole has no need to apologize for the part it has played in fighting the battle for production. In a period of great strain, when there has been a huge influx of workers into the unions, when all kinds of new personnel problems have arisen, when living conditions for millions have become increasingly difficult, some friction between employers and employees was inevitable. But by and large labor's pledge not to resort to the strike—its one dependable weapon—has been honored. Where stoppages have occurred they have usually been unofficial and brief, impulsive actions by local groups which were speedily checked by responsible union officials.

The one glaring exception has been the series of strikes in the coal fields. It is not our purpose to discuss again the rights and wrongs of the miners' case, but it is clear that John L. Lewis, unlike the leaders of the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., has adopted the attitude that winning the war is not his primary concern and has intimated that essential supplies of coal will be forthcoming only on his terms. This belligerent and unpatriotic stand has been made the excuse for the passage by Congress of the Connally-Smith bill, one of the most ill-considered pieces of legislation ever presented

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for Presidential signature. Seizing a long-awaited opportunity, bipartisan anti-labor forces have struck their first blow against the status which the unions have won in the last ten years. True, it is an emergency measure, due to lapse after the war, but if it succeeds in its design of weakening labor now and at the 1944 election, we can be sure it will be succeeded by harsher measures.

The ostensible object of the bill is to give the government power—which it already possesses—to seize war plants and to make the instigation or encouragement of strikes in such plants punishable by fines and imprisonment. It was the possibility that this clause might put Lewis behind bars which made some otherwise liberal Congressmen vote for the bill. But even if the government is foolish enough to martyrize him, prolonged legal proceedings are likely to keep him out of jail. Another provision of the bill orders that in the event of labor disputes in war plants a thirty-day cooling period followed by a ballot must precede any stoppage of work. This would not have prevented the coal strike, and as Senator Thomas of Utah has pointed out, if this procedure were applied to the thousand disputes now before the WLB, the whole machinery would break down. But in any case it is doubtful whether the WLB would survive the passage into law of this bill, which gives it statutory authority, for its labor members would almost certainly decide they had no place on a board transformed by Congress into an instrument directed against labor.

The final, and perhaps the most illuminating, provision of the bill is the prohibition of political contributions by unions—a clause clearly aimed at the expanding American Labor Party and the mobilization of labor votes in 1944. What this question has to do with war production is completely unclear, but war production is only a secondary interest of the promoters of this bill, which we hope the President will consign to the limbo it deserves.

The Elk Hills Scandal

ELK HILLS, California's famous oil reserve, once linked with Teapot Dome, is in the news again. Last November 18 Secretary of the Navy Knox quietly signed a contract with the Standard Oil Company of California to develop these publicly owned reserves. Two days later, without waiting for Congressional approval or a Congressional appropriation to defray the cost, Standard rushed drills and derricks to the field. On December 11 the Navy Department issued an obscure press release, which has since proved deceptive, about the signing of the contract. The contract was signed by Secretary Knox and approved by the President on the advice of Rear Admiral Harry A. Stuart, director of Naval Petroleum Reserves. In February Admiral Stuart went before the House Appropriations Committee to ask an appropriation of $1,748,000 to defray the cost of the drilling. Two members of the naval subcommittee, Representatives Sheppard of California and Coffee of Washington, became suspicious, and the committee in its report to the House on March 3 declined to approve the appropriation and expressed doubt as to whether the contract was in the public interest. On March 1 Secretary of the Interior Ickes, who had not been consulted, sent Secretary Knox a memorandum signed by Ickes's Under Secretary, Abe Fortas, terming the contract "detrimental to the public interest" and asking that a report be made to the White House.

Knox sent the President a defense of the contract prepared by Adlai E. Stevenson, the Chicago banker who is special assistant to Knox. From the White House this went to Attorney General Biddle, who assigned Assistant Attorney General Norman Littell to investigate. Littell was so shocked by what he uncovered that he went to Director of Economic Stabilization James F. Byrnes and recommended that the request for an appropriation to defray Standard's drilling costs be withdrawn. Byrnes agreed, and the Navy Department complied, discretion here being the better part of valor. In May Representative Voorhis of California told the House that he feared that under this contract Standard would have a virtual monopoly of the field and asked the Public Lands Committee to investigate. Last Thursday, in the midst of the Senate debate over the FSA, Langer of North Dakota put all that is yet known of the story on the record. Most of Elk Hills belongs to the navy. Of the 43,000 acres, Standard owned only 8,000 acres, "most of them," according to Langer, "overrun with salt water." In return for these 8,000 acres, Langer charged, Standard gets all of the oil for five years and "two-thirds of the oil after the first five years."

Yet Standard assumes no risks, and all costs would be borne by the government. This is not a fair bargain. It's a steal. And it is the kind of thing that is bound to happen when the government depends for its advice in oil matters on oil-trust men and their banker friends. The day after Senator Langer's attack, the Attorney General announced that the Elk Hills contract—approved by the President last November—had been sent to the Justice Department for study on March 26, a somewhat belated safeguard. Biddle said he expected to submit his recommendations on the contract to the President "at an early date." We believe steps should be taken to abrogate the contract, and we hope that the House Public Lands Committee, which promises to investigate the deal, will make a thorough study of it. Elk Hills is only the latest and most dramatic and scandalous instance of the rich hauls the oil trust is making under cover of the war.

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The Uncertain Future

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE enthusiasm, justified or not, with which last week's victories in the Mediterranean were welcomed in every Allied country is easy to understand. The fall of Pantelleria under a blasting air attack backed by naval bombardment, and the fall of Lampedusa to Sergeant Cohen of the R. A. F., who dropped in by accident in the course of a rescue flight from Malta, were promptly taken as symbols of Italy's will to get out of the war. President Roosevelt expressed this view by advising the Italian people to abandon the struggle and set up an anti-Fascist regime. Air-power advocates, too, were quick to accept the victories as proof of the efficacy of air attack operating without support of land forces. Besides these optimistic interpretations there were tangible benefits to be noted. Pantelleria puts Sicily within easy range of fighter planes, which can now protect the Allied bombers during their raids on that island's harbors and coastal defenses. In addition, the shipping route through the Mediterranean will be far easier to defend with Pantelleria's plane and submarine bases in Allied hands. And a short step has been taken along the sea road from Tunis to the European mainland.

But even granting all this, the satisfaction displayed in the ranks of the United Nations was clearly out of proportion to the military importance of the events themselves. As George Fielding Eliot said in last Sunday's *Herald Tribune,* the "capture of Pantelleria was not a great victory; it was a creditable local success," and we dare not take it as proof either that air power alone is capable of deciding the war or that Italian resistance is on the point of collapse. The fact is, as Major Eliot points out, that the overwhelming concentration of bombing on this small, isolated island fortress cannot be duplicated in action against a large territory. Nothing that has yet happened justifies us in assuming that Italy as a whole will yield a quick and cheap victory. Mussolini and his Fascist henchmen know that defeat spells their end and that of their regime. They still have a large Italian army at their disposal and several German divisions. Surrender, in advance of invasion, could come only as the result of a military coup d'état—a most improbable event.

Nor will the Italian people save us the trouble of invasion. They may sense the coming defeat of their dictator; they may secretly, in great numbers, hope for it—some as a means of deliverance from oppression, more as a way out of a war that has brought suffering without gain. But even if they heard the President's advice and took it to heart, today they will not and cannot act. Italy is an occupied country, and the forces of occupation are the armies of Hitler and Mussolini. Unless Hitler withdraws his troops, which serve both to bolster the defenses of Italy and to terrorize its people, and the Fascist army turns against the regime, the people must continue to submit. Apart from scattered acts of sabotage there can be no rebellion until our troops make a successful landing in Italy. This is self-evident, and the President's words were undoubtedly intended as a stimulus to the Italian imagination rather than a spur to immediate action.

It is not likely that excessive enthusiasm will distract Allied military leaders from the heavy task ahead. They know the exact value of the victories already won and the long and bloody struggle that lies ahead. The danger is that sensational reports in the press and on the air and over-optimistic comments by public officials will have an unhealthy effect on the public mind. What the people need is not the temporary stimulation produced by exaggerating modest successes but a sturdy courage based on sober facts. This is the only sort of morale which can be counted upon to survive the agony and loss that face our armies in the months to come.

Meanwhile a sense of uncertainty hangs over the broader European theater of war. Eager speculation about the time and place of the coming great offensive, stimulated by Churchill's recent visit to Washington, has again simmered down into a mood of impatient waiting. Is Russia holding back until the British-American armies are ready to invade in force in the west? Is Germany afraid to move against Russia lest it set off that invasion? Are the Western allies delaying in order to give the Germans and Russians a chance to come to grips? The questions are anxious ones, expressing fear of a prolonged stalemate on the important fronts.

In informed circles it is believed that two contrary plans of action have long been under discussion among the leaders of the chief Allied belligerents. The first plan, apparently favored in the British and American high commands, provides for early local actions against the Continent—powerful thrusts through Italy and the Balkans which would establish permanent Allied footholds but would not amount to an invasion in full force. This strategy anticipates no early conclusion of the war; the local invasions might consume the remainder of 1943, postponing the final war on the Continent until next year. The other plan, undoubtedly backed by Russia, calls for a major invasion launched chiefly through the Low Countries with other simultaneous actions in the north and south. This plan, it is conceded, presupposes heavy early losses, but it is urged by its sponsors as offering the one chance of concluding the war within six or eight months.

Which plan has been decided upon we cannot know at this hour; the next few weeks will probably reveal the strategy of the coming year. And it is on this longer perspective that wise observers will concentrate.

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The Downfall of Joseph Weiner

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, June 11

JOSEPH L. WEINER, director of the Division of Civilian Supply, has at last been forced out of the War Production Board. Chairman Donald M. Nelson, who has been trying to get Weiner's resignation for months, finally obtained it last Monday. Weiner has been here since May, 1941, when he became Assistant Administrator and Director of Civilian Supply in the old Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply under Leon Henderson. He has been associated with the Civilian Supply Division ever since, in OPACS, OPM, and WPB, first as Henderson's deputy, then, after Henderson's resignation from that division last December, as its chief. This correspondent, who has specialized in covering the defense and war production agencies, wishes to record his own humble opinion that no official in them has a more honorable and devoted record than Weiner. None has served the interests of this country and its armed forces more faithfully or with less concern for personal ambition or interest, and few have been so shamefully attacked.

Nelson, who has never had the courage to live up to his speeches, has been mumbling for several months about the need to get a "broad-gauged man" to take over civilian supply. The quoted phrase, an odd one, is Nelson's, and I am not sure about its meaning. The less patriotic section of the big-business crowd—a sizable gathering—has regarded Weiner as an obstacle to their hope of resuming production of civilian non-essentials, luxuries, and gadgets now that Tunisia has been reconquered and, in some people's opinion, the war is practically over. Nelson didn't have the nerve to fire Weiner, but on April 15 he merged the Civilian Supply Division into a new Office of Civilian Requirements and appointed Arthur D. Whiteside of Dun and Bradstreet as its chief. Whiteside was head of the steel division in the Gano Dunn days when the President was being assured that talk of a steel shortage was "a deliberate lie." This may give one some idea of the breadth of the new Civilian Supply chief's gauge.

Weiner and Nelson have been at odds for several months. Weiner angered Nelson by supporting the Maloney bill for a separate civilian-supply agency. Though we are a considerable distance from bedrock in civilian requirements, shortages have begun to make their appearance which are serious in effect though minor in amount. The civilian economy is like a used refrigerator which needs a little repair and some replacements if it is to continue in operation, and its operation is an essential part of the war machine. All the problems of war production—materials, man-power, scheduling—reappear in miniature in the field of essential civilian supply, and the attention paid to civilian supply must increase as the total supply decreases. Officials of aircraft companies report that a major cause of absenteeism is the shortage of commercial-laundry facilities; women stay home one day a week to do the washing. Someone must obtain man-power and facilities for public laundries. Nails and tacks for shoe repairs take very little steel, but someone must see to it that that little is provided. Time is lost in key war plants when plumbing breaks down; someone must find plumbers and repair parts. Even the beauty shop is worth some attention, as war plants have discovered when they have installed such facilities and thereby cut down absenteeism. But though these interstitial activities may keep a few more small businesses alive, they offer no profit to the big fellows, who would rather use the complaints arising from these minor shortages as an excuse for resuming large-scale production of consumer durables. To the accomplishment of this objective, Weiner was an obstacle.

Big-business strategy was visible in the testimony by Walter D. Fuller on April 15 before the Maloney committee. Fuller is chairman of the executive committee of the National Association of Manufacturers. He said we were suffering from overproduction of war material, that as a result cutbacks in war orders had been decreed, that with this "backlog of war material" created by the "staggering proportions" of war production we could now begin to resume civilian production. (The N. A. M. may be staggered, but all our war fronts are still inadequately supplied.) Given these purposes, the N. A. M. might have backed the Maloney bill and sought to control the civilian-supply agency it envisaged. Instead, Fuller opposed the bill. He said that while the N. A. M. had "not been entirely satisfied" with the way the WPB handled civilian supplies in the past, the bill's "enactment is unnecessary because of the trend now increasing within the War Production Board toward greater attention to the welfare of civilian *producers* and consumers." The italics are mine, but the emphasis, I suspect, is Fuller's. Thus the N. A. M. lined up with Nelson, who opposed the Maloney bill because it would curtail his authority by making civilian supply independent of the WPB. *The day Fuller testified was the day Whiteside was appointed.*

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Weiner's downfall began when he tangled last year with the farm bloc and the Big Seven of the farm-equipment industry. This part of his story is intensely illuminating, for it is another instance of the power wielded by the farm bloc and its industrial allies, power greater than that of any sector of industry or finance. It must be recalled that Weiner began his work here under Leon Henderson in May, 1941, by tackling the most powerful branches of big business. On Henderson's instructions he scheduled hearings for the curtailment of the great industries producing durable consumer goods, including automobiles, and their conversion to war production. Though these industries, acting through Knudsen, were powerful enough to retaliate by taking civilian supply from Henderson's OPACS and placing it under Knudsen's OPM, Weiner retained his job and eventually won the fight for curtailment, thanks to the pressure exerted in his support by Under Secretary of War Patterson.

But in the fight with the farm bloc and the big farm-equipment companies Weiner won but a fleeting victory, and he was eventually smeared in Congress and deprived of authority over this important field of civilian supply. One would never guess from the attacks made upon him that here, too, the armed services were on Weiner's side, that he acted with the approval and in some instances on the instructions of Under Secretary Patterson, Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, chief of the army service forces, and Ferdinand Eberstadt, then chairman of the Army-Navy Munitions Board, though they lacked the courage to back him publicly when the fighting grew hotter. This part of the story also involves the first of recent lapses by the Truman committee, which here served the business-as-usual forces it had formerly exposed and denounced. Because the farm bloc and the Big Seven farm-equipment manufacturers have just won a major victory from Nelson, obtaining a huge and unnecessary slice of our badly needed steel supplies, and because of the misrepresentation and misstatements which have flooded the press on this controversy, I want to tell that part of the story in full next week.

Let's Look at Labor

I. JOBS AND UNIONS ON DEMOBILIZATION DAY

BY STUART CHASE

I

BEFORE Pearl Harbor it was legitimate to talk about the special interests of "labor," "the farmer," "business." The terms referred to pressure groups, often highly organized, intent on looking out for number one. The concept of the national interest, of the community-as-a-whole, had pretty rough going in the clash and uproar of these specialized aims.

Today, in 1943, the clash and uproar still go on. The farm bloc all but controls Congress. Mr. John L. Lewis clearly thinks more of the wages of his miners than he does of the threat of inflation. The American Medical Association continues to be dedicated to the principle of self-help. The silver Senators propose to die before they retreat. Heaven only knows how far our war effort has been set back by dollar-a-year men, each with his good eye on post-war markets and his bad eye on the national interest.

The boys have not yet discovered that we are in a total war, and that money is a decreasingly important consideration in total war. This, after all, is not surprising. Pressure-group politics is a kind of Grand Canyon sunk into American folklore. It is, indeed, part of the democratic process as we have known it. It is not to be filled up overnight. It took a Dunkirk to fill it up in Britain. Even if the Nazis were moving on Pittsburgh, it is a safe bet that Cotton Ed Smith would be bawling for a subsidy for God's favorite crop, and that Dr. Morris Fishbein would be busy rooting group medicine out of Kansas.

Despite the Pollyanna headlines, the war will not be over tomorrow. The longer it lasts, the more difficult it will be for the pressure groups, even the most worthy of them, to resist the steam roller. It promises ultimately to roll them flat as pancakes. There is obviously no way to bring the war to a successful conclusion without running over those who are more interested in helping themselves than in helping their country.

This is a long introduction to a simple point I want to make about the American labor movement. As the war goes on, "labor" as a distinct concept will more and more melt into a unified national purpose, together with all other special interests. By 1946 there may be little we can call a "labor problem." There is practically none in Britain now, and none at all in Russia. In total war there is always a *work* problem, but it involves the whole able-bodied population. We are gradually getting around to mobilizing the man-power and woman-power of America, an undertaking which swallows up the "labor problem" as an avalanche swallows up a lonely skier.

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II

What will the American work force look like as we approach Demobilization Day? As I picture it, it will number at least 65,000,000 persons. There will be 12,000,000 or more in the armed forces, 33,000,000 in the war industries and services, 20,000,000 making and distributing civilian goods. Of the 65,000,000 total, at least 18,000,000 will be women. There will be no unemployment except for those moving from one job to another—probably by official command. All available Negroes will be at work, together with levies of Mexicans and West Indians. There may be a large army of Italian, German, Hungarian, and Japanese prisoners of war wielding picks and shovels.

There are today about 11,000,000 organized workers in the country, 5,000,000 each in the C. I. O. and A. F. of L., and 1,000,000 in independent unions like the Railway Brotherhoods. On D-Day the number may be greater, but the mass infiltration of men and women from the white-collar classes, and of aliens, will present a problem in tight organization which may be insoluble. How is one to get college girls, wives of professional men, Puerto Ricans to pay $100 initiation fees and uphold the principle of labor solidarity? These newcomers will receive a liberal education in what it means to punch a time clock, but they will be as hard to organize as so many jack rabbits. If a national service law is enacted, as I think it may be, unions may lose effective control of their membership. Labor leaders are fighting such a law, and one can sympathize with them, but it seems to be essential in total war.

Though labor unions, like farm blocs and business blocs, are likely to lose power as the war goes on, they have an exciting new outlet for activity in the labor-management production committees inaugurated by Donald Nelson a year ago. There are already nearly 2,500 such committees in operation, of which 500 are said to be really going to town. They rarely go to town unless there is a union in the plant, and unless union and management respect each other. The technique of workers and managers cooperating to produce a better product more efficiently has been pioneered by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad shops and by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. These pilot plants in cooperation are now being pushed into mass-production, as it were, through the Nelson committees. By D-Day there may be many thousands of them, giving a whole new philosophy to organized labor.

American workers as a whole, irrespective of union affiliations, will be in a stronger position on D-Day than ever before in history. Practically none will be unemployed. Average wages will be at an all-time high, with the substandard groups hauled up close to average levels. Sweating will have disappeared, and fancy pay rolls will be frozen down, resulting in an unprecedented leveling of the whole wage structure. Even the lowly farm laborer and migratory worker will be comparatively well paid for the first time in their lives. It has at last been discovered that we cannot feed ourselves and our armies without them.

The workers who used to be very poor will have both ration books and money to buy things, especially kinds of food which they could never before afford. They will derive solid satisfaction from having about as much as anybody else. Rationing is a great engine of equalization. All workers will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have an important place in the community, that they belong, that their human dignity is respected. No able-bodied person will be on relief; all the odium of charity and of handouts will have vanished. Hours will be longer than they are now, far longer than in 1940, but overtime will be paid for.

American workers will be better nourished, healthier, better dressed—even if we have rationed clothing—more self-respecting, than was ever the case in the past. No family anywhere will be in actual want. Workers will have more money in their pockets and more government bonds in the dresser drawer than they can spend. Their debts will be largely liquidated, with no high-pressure salesmen and no instalment payments on the car to worry them. Their housing, especially in war-boom towns, will continue to be deplorable. Such housing as there is, however, will be rented to them without profiteering—which is something for them to remember, both now and later.

III

When D-Day comes, the federal government will probably be underwriting the jobs of 70 workers out of 100. If the government should stop its spending overnight, 70 per cent of 65,000,000, or 45,000,000 workers, including the 12,000,000 soldiers, sailors, and airmen, would be on the street. The good health, good wages, self-respect, equality of sacrifice, money in the bank, bonds in the dresser, all rest upon government orders for war—100 billion dollars' worth a year or thereabouts.

If the orders stop, the whole social and economic structure collapses. It will take months, in some cases years, for industry to retool its plants for peace-time production, and so be in a position to hire workers in a big way. Only a few skilled men are needed during the retooling process. It will take a long time for private business to unscramble the war economy, where contracts, prices, markets, brands, advertising, distribution channels, competitive positions have been twisted into strange new patterns. If millions have no work after D-Day, no matter how much money people have saved during the war they will not spend it freely. They will be afraid, and only dole it out a dollar at a time. So the business men, when they are at last ready to produce, may find severely restricted markets.

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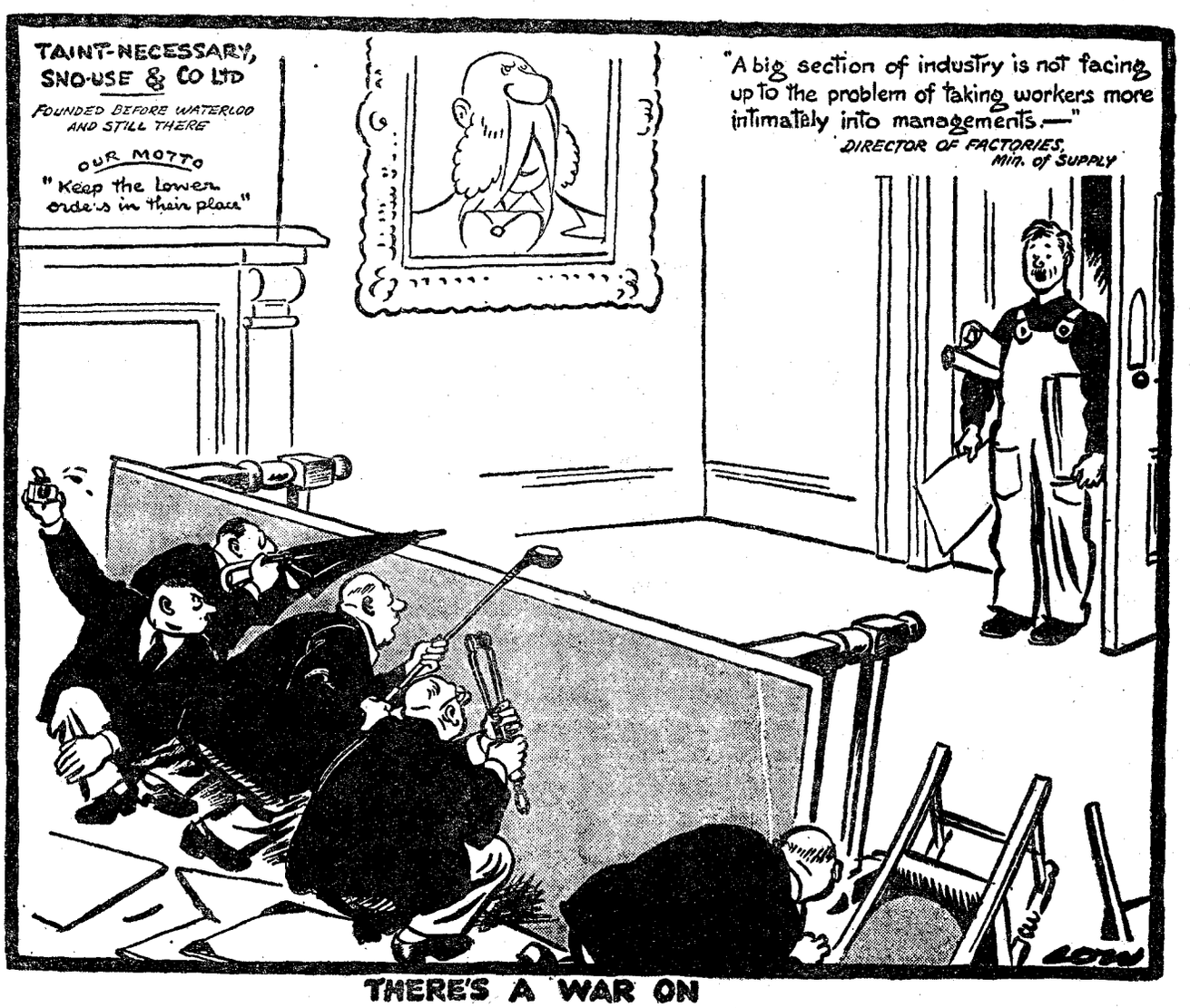
Some incurable lovers of free enterprise are going about saying that the government must get out clean on D-Day and let private business take over. Otherwise, they say, we shall have "socialism," "communism," "totalitarianism," the end of "liberty," and other verbal terrors. They do not seem to realize that naughty words are not so hard for people to bear as 45,000,000 lost jobs. Their imaginations need retooling. Whatever you want to call it, the government will continue to direct the economy after D-Day—the alternative being the most stupendous economic smash the world has ever seen. Happily, the government will haul out of some things, like gas rationing, probably at once. Later it can haul out of food rationing, after starvation cases in Europe are attended to.

Some people have the strangest notions about our economic situation today. They remind me of the peasants under Vesuvius who look at the slumbering volcano and confidently expect it to slumber forever. Because business men are operating all out and do not have to worry much about costs or competition, because farmers are bringing every Class 4-f apple to market and getting a price for it, because semi-skilled workers are making $42.50 a week plus all the overtime they want to put in, because professional people—except lawyers—are in great demand, it is widely assumed that this is the natural order of events, will automatically go on forever, and the sooner the bureaucrats quit messing around the better even a good thing will be.

Great heavens! If "bureaucrats" in the persons of Messrs. Byrnes, Patterson, Forrestal, Nelson, Land, Jesse Jones, Morgenthau, Perkins, Eccles, Ickes, Wilson were not busy ordering goods and services now at the rate of some $8,000,000,000 a month, and pumping the money to meet them with out of taxes and bond sales, there would still be 10,000,000 unemployed, Tobacco Road, and the Grapes of Wrath. If the bureaucrats calmly fold their hands on D-Day, they will make the bottom of the depression in 1932 look like a Roman banquet. Some people seem to think that if you are sitting on the top of the Washington Monument and somebody knocks the monument over, you can still sit there.

Well, the bureaucrats will not and cannot fold their hands, but they are going to have a tidy problem trying to keep the economy from falling apart when $8,000,000,000 a month of war orders are withdrawn. They will


TAINT-NECESSARY, SNO-USE & CO LTD
FOUNDED BEFORE WATERLOO AND STILL THERE
OUR MOTTO
"Keep the lower orders in their place"
"A big section of industry is not facing up to the problem of taking workers more intimately into managements."
DIRECTOR OF FACTORIES, Min. of SUPPLY
LOW

THERE'S A WAR ON

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need all the help they can get from the rest of us—workers, farmers, business men—and tomorrow morning is none too soon to start planning for it. A retreat to pressure-group politics will be as unhelpful as a hue and cry from the National Association of Manufacturers to the effect that if everybody will just wait a few months or years—presumably without eating—private enterprise will find jobs for all.

Private enterprise has never employed all Americans, from the days of the canal builders onward. In the 1930's the gap was so great that even the PWA, the CCC, and the WPA could not fill it. After the war the increase in technical efficiency will be prodigious, with labor-saving devices and time-cutting methods in every industrial establishment. If private enterprise gets some help from the bureaucrats in the critical months after D-Day, it can ultimately employ a lot of workers, perhaps relatively as many as in 1940. To promise more than this is cruel nonsense—as every honest business man knows in his heart.

We have got to work together at least as closely as we are doing in the war, animated by the national interest, if we are to replace enough of the $8,000,000,000 a month to maintain full employment. Where can we find the necessary new orders? I will indicate where, but my space does not permit me to try to indicate how. Maybe you should chew on that yourself for a while anyway. It expands the imagination. The orders will cover essential post-war work. The work is to be found in six major categories, as follows:

1. A continuation of such military output as the state of the world demands.

2. The continuation and perhaps stepping up of lend-lease to feed and supply war victims abroad. This Santa Claus role cannot of course continue indefinitely, but it will be essential for some years.

3. The expansion of the production of consumers' goods—food, shelter, clothing, health services, education—to raise mass living standards.

4. The expansion of luxury items for those who can afford them.

5. Public works neglected during the war—highways, schools, hospitals.

6. Public works and services, not just to restore the country to its pre-war status, but to build it higher and finer and deeper. Another dozen TVA's. The reconstruction of a hundred cities to make them fit for the power age. The integration of our transportation system, spanning the continent with airways, railways, waterways, super-highways, pipe lines, in better order than ever before.

There is work enough here to keep all the workers of America busy for a long, long time. It is not coming down the chimney, however, while we lie cozily in bed. We have got to get out and hustle for it, all of us; for neither the bureaucrats nor the business men can do it alone.

[*This is the first of a series of seven articles on the problems confronting the American labor movement. Others will follow at two-week intervals throughout the summer months.*]

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

A MILITARY expedition to Russia has become the topic of heated discussion in the last few weeks. . . . That such a scheme should find even a moment's consideration only shows the extent of popular ignorance in matters concerning the Russian revolution, and the popular belief in quick remedies against fundamental social evils.—*June 1, 1918.*

TWO REVOLUTIONARY STEPS have just been taken by the government in handling the railway situation. First, the Director-General approved in one lump sum improvement and betterment expenditures aggregating $937,000,000. Next, all of the railroad presidents in the country were discharged by giving out one blanket order, which went first, not to the railway executives themselves, but to the Washington newspaper correspondents. Railroad presidents receiving $50,000, $75,000, or even $100,000 a year learned of their dismissal at their breakfast table in the headlines of their favorite morning paper. . . . Many of them will be taken back as federal managers. The malcontents will be allowed to shift for themselves.—*June 1, 1918.*

IN SPITE of persistent reports of economic exhaustion, Germany continues to plan for the extension of her foreign trade.—*June 8, 1918*

"JAPAN AT THE CROSS-ROADS," by A. M. Pooley. . . . The author of this book . . . regards the country as being at present run by a clique of Choshu and Satsuma men in the interests of themselves and their followers; the administration as hardening into a bureaucracy, throwing sops to the people, but doing nothing to educate them into cooperation. —*June 8, 1918.*

THE MOST INTERESTING political news of the week has been the acceptance by Henry Ford, Republican, of the nomination for the Senatorship from Michigan unanimously tendered him by the Democratic convention. He stated that he did so at the request of the President, and it is not unlikely that he will receive the Republican nomination as well. . . . Mr. Ford's views on public questions seem no profounder or wiser than his opinions as to peace when he sent the peace ship to Europe in 1915.—*June 22, 1918.*

AS WE GO TO PRESS the news from Italy is of the best. Not only have the Austrians been defeated in their offensive; they have been thrown back across the Piave, with the Italians pursuing them along the eastern bank, which they have held since last fall.—*June 29, 1918.*

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Burmese Stumbling-Block

BY H. G. QUARITCH WALES

WHEN Senator Chandler asserted that a British army of 2,000,000 in India was being held off from Burma by about 60,000 Japanese he was speaking only a half-truth, but he was no farther from the mark than those who believe the reconquest of Burma and the reopening of the Burma road to be just a matter of releasing sufficient sea power to convoy an expedition to the Irrawaddy Delta. We cannot risk another Burma disaster. Yet we shall be paving the way for precisely that if we talk of mounting anything less than a full-fledged Pacific offensive.

Two sets of factors, strategic and human, are opposed to the success of an offensive limited to the direct reoccupation of Burma. The impregnability of the long land frontier with India must by now be generally known, especially since the appearance of Jack Belden's excellent book "Retreat with Stilwell." Suffice it to say here that but for a single track through Manipur there are only hill paths crossing range upon range of steep, jungle-covered mountains. The Arakan coastal strip offers little more hope. Below Akyab the Arakan Yoma mountains come right down to the sea and interpose an insuperable obstacle in the way of an advance to Rangoon. Besides, Arakan is the most malarial district in Burma, and we have learned that malaria is an enemy scarcely less dangerous than the Japanese. We must rule out direct invasion by land.

Suppose instead we transport an army by sea to the mouth of the Irrawaddy. We should secure a bridgehead only to find our position similar to that of the Axis in Tunisia. Our supply line would be at the mercy of enemy submarines operating from Singapore and of land-based aircraft from the many new airdromes Japan is being given time to construct. Even if we could spare enough sea and air strength to guard our very vulnerable communications and maintain our bridgehead, we should still be only at the beginning of a long and costly, as well as probably unsuccessful, undertaking.

With adequate armored forces we might make headway on the baked plains of central Burma after the dry season sets in, despite the fact that by then the enemy would be in a position to pour in reinforcements from Thailand over much-improved overland lines of supply. But in any case, before we had progressed very far, before the real battle for the Burma road had begun, we should be getting into jungle country, where our superiority in armor and aircraft would avail us little. And that is where the human factor comes in.

"The average Briton and Indian is too doctor-minded, too civilized," said Brigadier Wingate, the man who led the recent commando raid far into Burma. "We are not skilled as individuals. Our minds are dulled by the narrow troughs in which we live." Much more intensive training will be needed if the mass of our forces in India are to recapture something of the old ruthlessness and self-reliance that are as necessary for jungle fighting as they were for empire building.

There are other human factors too. A large-scale invasion of Burma would have to be carried out by Indian troops, for they alone are available in sufficient strength and with adequate equipment; and unfortunately the Burmans have a deep hatred for Indians. When I was in Burma in 1938 the current bazaar gossip ran, "We are going to have the Indians out in three years and the Europeans in five." The priority is significant, and the outbreaks in Rangoon shortly before had been almost entirely anti-Indian. In fact, there was no markedly anti-British sentiment in Burma until it was fanned by Japanese propaganda.

This does not mean that British policy can be excused of all responsibility for Burmese hostility. Before the British conquest Burma's relations with India had always been friendly. The Burmese were indebted to India for their culture and religion. Indian traders and settlers were welcome in Burma. Only after the second Burmese war in the middle of the last century was this traditional good feeling destroyed. Indian immigrants were then introduced to farm the rice lands from which the Burmans had fled northward. And when all Burma came under British rule as a province of the Indian Empire, Hindu middlemen and moneylenders flocked into the country. In later years these Indians drew the full fire of growing Burmese nationalism, for they were judged to be the immediate cause of the province's economic difficulties.

This hatred of the Indians should not be overlooked in any plan to reconquer Burma. It is said that during the Japanese invasion only 10 per cent of the population was hostile to the British, the majority being apathetic; but the active 10 per cent did a great deal of damage. Since that time a taste of Japanese occupation methods, with the shelving of independence and the impossibility of disposing of their rice crop to the Chinese, has no doubt brought disillusionment. Nothing would be better calculated, however, to throw a much larger proportion of the Burmans again into the arms of the Japanese than

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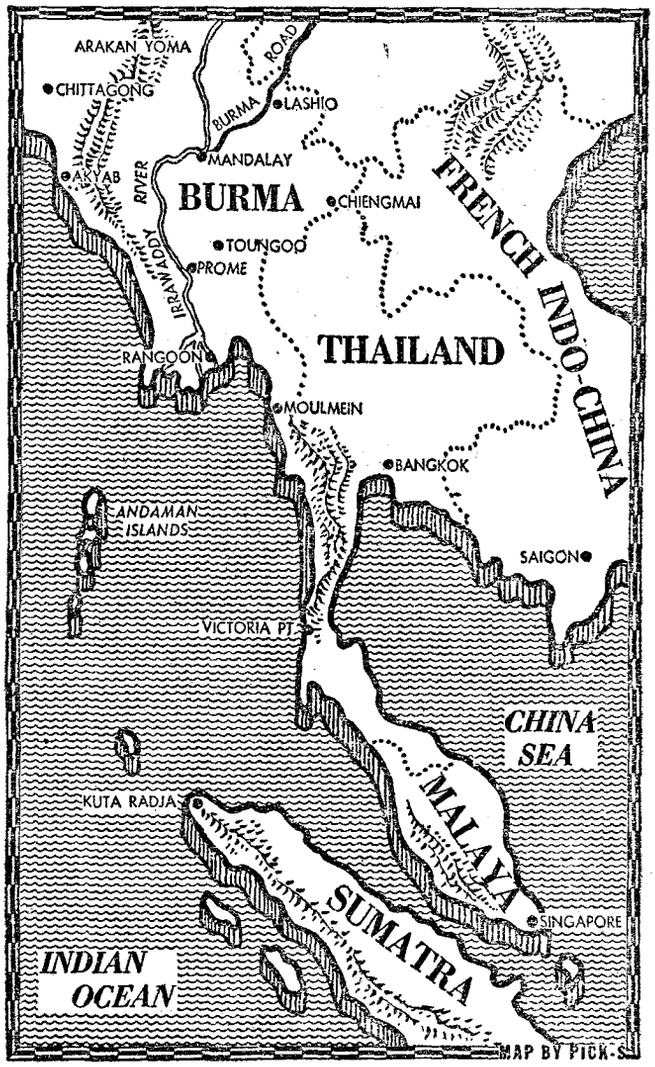

a full-scale invasion by an Indian army. The Burmans are tough guerrilla fighters, and sabotage is a deadly weapon. If the offensive did not bog down in the Burmese jungles, an unwilling Burma would have to be held by force. This would be a poor start for a new era under United Nations auspices, one, indeed, that might lead a good many other Asiatic peoples to doubt that it was to be a new era at all.

Moreover, what might have been militarily just possible a few months ago will no longer be so, I am convinced, after the monsoon, when Japan will have had another six months to consolidate its position. Easy passes, many of them well known to me, lead from Thailand into Burma. Tracks that for reasons of policy were long left to mules and bullock carts have now been macadamized. Troops and supplies can be poured into central Burma the moment they are needed. And only Changsha stands in the way of Japan's completion of a railroad from Korea virtually to the Burma border.

These growing difficulties do not mean that nothing should be done. Something must be done, and soon, if China is to be saved. They simply mean that half-measures are likely to end in disaster.

What we must visualize, in six months' time, is a full-scale Pacific offensive. Shall it be in the north, with the direct object of knocking out Japan, or in the south, pursuing the more tedious method of cutting Japan off from its ill-gotten gains, bringing aid to China, and ultimately staging a further offensive from Chinese bases? Unfortunately, the northern short cut forces us to depend on the unknown quantity of Russia. We have no time to indulge in wishful thinking. We must plan for an offensive in the Southwest Pacific.

To me it seems that the correct strategy for such an offensive, the strategy that offers better prospects than any attack aimed primarily at Burma, with its complex strategic and psychological problems, must envisage the bypassing of Burma. We should outflank, not frontally assault, the Japanese overland supply route to the plains of central Burma. To this end our objective should be the seizure of the three-hundred-mile stretch of South Thailand—Lower Siam, between Victoria Point and the Malayan border—for here is the one really vulnerable gateway in the "Malay barrier," the chain of mountainous peninsula and islands linking Asia with Australia.

In 1934-35 I explored the old trade routes that lead across peninsular Thailand. It is a region that has seen much history and is likely to see more. Unlike Malaya to the south and Burma to the north, its chief features are not mountains and jungle. There are many excellent landing beaches. The hills are low and do not offer any real obstacle to a rapid march to the east coast. The country has good communications and a long-settled appearance.

Once the monsoon is over, conditions would favor an invader from the west, a strong Indian expeditionary force covered by overwhelming air strength. The terrain is well suited to the use of armored units, and little jungle fighting would be necessary. There is much hard open land on which new airdromes could be improvised, and the inland sea of Singgora would make an ideal seaplane base. There should be no problem with the natives, a mixed lot of Malays, Thai, and Chinese who have had little experience with the modern Indian—or with the white man either for that matter—and who are no doubt by now thoroughly dissatisfied with the Japanese occupation. Established in South Thailand, Allied forces would be in an excellent position to bring their superior air power to bear on the vital nerve centers and arteries of the occupied regions to the south. By systematic bombing they could spread havoc in a wide arc through Bangkok, Saigon, and other points on Japan's overland supply route, and southward through Singapore to submarine and naval depots in Java and beyond.

Of course the conquest of South Thailand, though of primary importance, should not stand alone. If only to divide the attention of the available Japanese forces, no doubt General MacArthur would at the same time begin the reduction of Rabaul, and the navy would conduct further "island-hopping" operations to the northward.

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China, summoning its remaining strength, might also make an effort to break through the thinned Japanese lines in Yunnan. Thence thrusting southward, along a natural line of advance through the Shan states, its armies might aim for Bangkok.

Among the first fruits of a successful general offensive on these lines should be the cutting off of the Japanese forces in Burma without employment of a large Indian army and the attendant devastation of the country. By that time the Burmans would have seen that the United Nations meant business. If they were showered with leaflets guaranteeing real freedom, their support might be won for a specially picked Allied force which, with the help of the native population, could make short work of the isolated Japanese garrison. Instead of engaging in endless guerrilla warfare and sabotage, the Burmans might cooperate in the reopening of the Burma road and the establishment of an Allied front against Japan proper.

It is for those who have all the facts before them to balance one against another the possibility of Germany's early collapse, Russia's probable intentions, and China's ability to hold out. But it must be plain to anyone who knows the local conditions that there is no easy way to reopen the Burma road. Immense tasks lie ahead in the Pacific. Can we tackle them in time? At long last we are about to face the full implications of the loss of Singapore, which Mr. Churchill rightly calls "the largest military disaster in British history."

Georges Mandel

BY EMILE BURE

LAST week London newspapers carried the report that Georges Mandel, the former French Cabinet Minister, had died in a German concentration camp. If the account of his death which has come to me from France is true, he began to vomit blood after his first meal in the fortress of Königstein, to which he had recently been removed, and died soon afterward in great agony. He had apparently been poisoned.

I first made the acquaintance of Georges Mandel in 1903 when I was parliamentary editor of *l'Aurore*. It has been said that "journalism leads to all things, provided the journalist knows where he wants to go." Georges Mandel knew exactly where he wanted to go. For him the editorial room of *l'Aurore* was the antichamber of the Palais Bourbon. By the sheer force of his will, his tenacity, and his patience, despite his lack of eloquence and physical presence, he was resolved to enter the Chamber of Deputies, after which *quo non ascendam!* And he was prepared to reach this seat of struggle by imposing his ideas on the electorate, not by accommodating his ideas to theirs.

When Georges Clemenceau became Prime Minister for the first time, in 1906, he promptly chose Mandel, who had served him in the corridors of the Chamber with a zeal that Clemenceau's enemies at times thought excessive, as his assistant chief of cabinet. After the fall of the Cabinet in 1909, Mandel continued to be the intimate counselor of Clemenceau, always treated rudely by him but often heeded by him, too, and later acted as director of Clemenceau's newspaper *l'Homme Libre*. When the World War came, Mandel had serious doubts about an Allied victory. He was convinced only when President Poincaré in 1917 named his patron to head a new Cabinet. To Mandel fell the task of choosing Clemenceau's ministers. It was he who during Clemenceau's premiership actually directed France's internal politics, using both persuasion and force but always preferring force.

After the war, as deputy from Bordeaux elected in 1918, he was the founder of the *Bloc national*—a union of nationalists, liberals, and radicals—whose task it was to consolidate the victory. The organization failed to accomplish its purpose. Mandel recognized this at once and ceaselessly denounced the German peril. He became one of the most powerful speakers in the Chamber and even succeeded in checking Briand himself, whose pacifism he feared.

Before and after Munich Georges Mandel was the hope of farsighted patriots. They rejoiced when Daladier named him Minister of the Colonies, though they would have preferred to see him in the Ministry of the Interior, rightly believing that he was the only leader capable of clamping down on the fifth columnists, who since February 6, 1934, had been undermining French morale with impunity. The fact that he was a Jew precluded such an appointment. He said to me, "I shall be Minister of the Interior when things are at their worst and no one cares any more about the shape of a minister's nose." He was not mistaken. Just a few weeks before the débâcle he moved to the Interior office. I called there to see him before leaving Paris in June, 1940. "Things aren't going so well, Mandel." "No, things aren't going well at all. I've always said, we'll go from defeat to catastrophe until final victory. In any case, nothing of political importance will happen before December." His optimism seems unbelievable, but Georges Mandel had unshaken confidence in the Parliament—unlike Georges Clemen-

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ceau, who once exclaimed as he watched a covey of partridges flushed by some hunters, "Ah, the handsome majority!"

Soon Mandel was courageously and intelligently attempting to keep Marshal Pétain, General Weygand, and others from asking for a shameful armistice. At the Council of Ministers held at Tours just after the departure from France of Winston Churchill, Lord Beaverbrook, and Lord Halifax, who had learned from Paul Reynaud of France's decision to stop fighting, General Weygand said: "Gentlemen, we must not delay in declaring hostilities at an end. I have received a telegram from the Admiralty announcing that serious disturbances have broken out in Paris. The Communist Thorez is installed in the Elysée." Mandel, however, had himself telephoned the Prefect of Police, Langeron, before the meeting and had been assured that complete order reigned in the capital. He therefore challenged the statement of the General. "Are you questioning my word?" demanded Weygand arrogantly. Mandel calmly replied, "I don't doubt your word, but I have equal confidence in the word of Langeron, who I know is a capable administrator. Why should the Admiralty, which is not at Paris, be better informed than the Prefect of Police? I suggest we get this matter cleared up at once."

Called on the telephone, Langeron confirmed what he had said an hour earlier to the Minister of the Interior. The council therefore broke up without making a decision. But Mandel had also to deal with Camille Chautemps, the "specialist in mediation." Winston Churchill had proposed to Reynaud that France and Britain form a union. To which Chautemps had replied, "France will never become a dominion." Only one voice, Mandel's, took up Chautemps's challenge. "Would you prefer it to become a *Gau?*" Again the Council of Ministers reserved decision. The next day, however, it voted thirteen to ten for an armistice.

Marshal Pétain, who became the head of the government after the resignation of Paul Reynaud, immediately ordered the arrest of Mandel. I am told that for a short while Georges Mandel still believed that Parliament would observe the laws of the republic. Convinced at last of his error, he left for Morocco to form a government of Free France and to maintain contact with the British government. When Duff Cooper and General Gort arrived at Rabat he had once more been arrested, this time on the order of General Noguès.

Back in France, Mandel was remanded to prison, where his patriotic bearing disconcerted his jailers. Daily he confounded them with his scorn. The story is told that he was so certain of the future that he said to one of them, "Consider yourself dismissed as of today."

That Marshal Pétain and Pierre Laval, those two miserable traitors, should have delivered Georges Mandel to the Gestapo passes the limits of human infamy. How tragic for one of France's last great parliamentarians to suffer such an end, for a leader who never despaired of victory to die before the victory is won. "Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante" will see that Georges Mandel shall rest one day in the Panthéon.

In the Wind

THE NEW ORLEANS Association of Commerce, as part of its campaign against the social-security report of the National Resources Planning Board, is distributing reprints of an article that appeared in the *Review of World Affairs,* a British magazine whose editors are opposed to post-war planning in general and to the Beveridge plan in particular. The British people, it says, don't want the Beveridge plan, because "Britain is a country of highly aristocratic instincts. The masses are radical, democratic, and rough, but they are aristocratic to the core."

BEVERIDGE PLAN or no Beveridge plan, the Mellon plan is still going strong. Sir John Ramsden, in a recent interview printed in the London *Express,* put it this way: "In these times we must make every sacrifice. But if a director sees a loophole in the income-tax laws he should make as much money as he can for his shareholders and himself."

SIGN OF THE TIMES in a Radio City restaurant: "Please be polite to our waitresses. They are harder to get than customers."

THE COMPLEX problems of war-time government were analyzed by Representative Clare Hoffman of Michigan at a recent public meeting in Chicago. His analysis: "Washington's crazy. I'm crazy too, but not that crazy." The meeting was sponsored by the American Institute of Economics, four of whose founders were also founders of the Midwest Monetary Federation. Last year the latter organization sponsored a series of lectures on social problems by Joe McWilliams, New York street-corner sociologist.

THOSE who are worried about the post-war world will be relieved to know that a group of advertising agencies is even now making plans for commercial television programs when peace comes. *Broadcasting,* radio trade magazine, describes an experimental program thus: "A skit in which a comedian crushed his hat into a shapeless mass was sponsored by Adam Hat Stores to demonstrate how much punishment an Adam hat can take; Butterick Co. presented a model wearing clothes made from Butterick patterns; Adolph Fleshner, King of the Sea Restaurant owner, and a girl stooge demonstrated the right and wrong ways of separating a lobster's meat from its shell."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The Czech practice of laying wreaths on the tomb of the Czech Unknown Soldier in honor of executed hostages has led the Nazis to remove the tomb.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated.*]

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"Collaboration"—Three Stages

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

GERMAN policy in conquered France has changed many times, and in the last six months it has taken a completely new direction. None of these changes have been made voluntarily; they have all been dictated by the increasing strain the war is putting on Germany's military and economic structure.

This evolution of policy can be divided into three stages: one lasted from the collapse of France to the spring of 1941; the second from the spring of 1941 to the autumn of 1942, during which time French industry was taken over and converted to German military needs; the third began when North Africa was invaded and the German general staff found itself compelled to consider the possibility of a second front in Europe.

After the defeat of France the German general staff counted on an equally rapid victory over Germany's other enemies and a quick end to the war. Its "military policy" in France, accordingly, was one of robbery on the greatest possible scale. Machines, stocks, materials, and railroad equipment were carried off. German industry was producing more war material than its armies could use, and Germany's leaders were therefore not interested in strengthening their war production by operating factories in France.

This beautiful picture faded, however, as it became apparent that British resistance would not be so quickly overcome. The Germans were still sure of victory, but they began to figure on a somewhat longer war. In the early part of 1941 plans were made for the push through the Balkans and the war on the Soviet Union. For this war it was necessary to draw on all the economic resources of the conquered countries.

The changed military situation made necessary a new attitude toward France. In the leading German economic weekly, *Deutsche Volkswirt,* long articles appeared on the proper policy to follow in France, urging a new approach. Only in exceptional cases, it said, should French factories or machinery be brought to Germany. This point of view was adopted officially, and some machinery was even taken back to France. Production in French factories was then systematically resumed, though naturally not in all of them. The Nazis were not interested in restoring consumer industries for the French people—most of the textile factories, for example, stayed closed—but every plant that was useful to German war production began running twenty-four hours a day. The period of industrial collaboration had begun. German firms placed larger and larger orders in France, and the German government promised that if France behaved itself the costs of the army of occupation would be reduced from 400 million francs a day to 300 million.

Then came the war with Russia. At first it brought its rewards, but the winter of 1941-42 witnessed costly retreats, and at the same time America entered the war. Germany's dream of a short war vanished.

The longer the war in Russia dragged on, the more urgent became the greatest possible expansion of German industry. German control over France grew tighter and tighter. After the Dieppe raid, moreover, the German general staff ruled out the possibility of an Anglo-American invasion in 1942. French factories were therefore allowed to continue producing for Germany. In only one field did the Nazis begin to prepare for a fundamental change—in the field of labor.

Already in 1942 Germany had a serious man-power shortage. To make up for losses at the front the government was forced to take 100,000 Germans away from their jobs on farms and in factories and put them into the army. The French prisoners of war were not available to replace them, for they had already been absorbed by German war industry. Therefore, in the spring of 1942 appeared a new phenomenon—a sudden influx of French "volunteers" for work in Germany. Before that time Hitler Germany had attracted very few workers from France. But by July, 1942, almost 160,000 had entered the Reich.

The terrible defeats in Russia were followed by the British and American invasion of Africa, and Germany's military and economic high command began to prepare for a second front in Europe. This necessitated once more a complete change in German-French relations.

Germany's economic high command had completely taken over French industry, but it felt more and more strongly that here was one of the most vulnerable spots in the German economy. The British and American aerial offensive against French factories working for Germany grew constantly heavier; losses were serious; and the proportion of raiding planes shot down was—and continues to be—far smaller than in Germany. This may be because the shorter distance from England to France makes it possible for the bombers to have stronger fighter escorts; it may be because the aerial defenses of France are considerably weaker than those of Germany. Nazi Germany is simply not in a position to give all French

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industrial centers as much protection as German cities. But if it isn't able to defend them it will be obliged to move a great many factories from France—and of course from Holland and Belgium too.

If England and America succeed in establishing a second front in Europe, the Nazis will adopt the scorched-earth policy of the Russians. When they have to retreat, they will leave nothing useful behind them. They are preparing for it even now. Orders to French firms are being drastically reduced, and efforts are being made to evacuate some French factories to Germany, even as the Russians moved their factories out of the war zones long before the Germans reached them.

The extent to which Germany depends on French production is shown in a statement recently issued by the German war-production chief, Dr. Michel. He reported that in the first three months of 1942 German orders in France totaled 100 billion francs. Orders placed in the first three months of 1943 will total barely 25 per cent of that amount. It is clear that the Nazis are beginning to liquidate their French "investments."

The Nazis have taken from France, as "occupation costs," sums ranging from 9 to 12 billion francs a month. Part of this money has been returned in "payment" for the product of French industry, but the Nazis at the same time have assembled "investments." At the beginning of 1942 the *Wehrmacht's* assets amounted to 65 billion francs; toward the end of the year they had dwindled to 25 billion. Thus, in 1942 the *Wehrmacht* spent the whole of the year's indemnity, plus 40 billion francs of the surplus left from 1941.

It may be remarked, incidentally, that because of these tremendous German expenditures inflation in France has increased with almost incredible speed. The note circulation of the Bank of France increased by 45 billion francs in 1941 (from 218 to 263 billion) and by 90 billion in 1942 (from 263 to 355 billion). And as a climax to the farce, the Nazi financial wizards now explain that because of the declining value of the franc the rate of exchange between the Reichsmark and the franc must be readjusted.

Since the Nazis expect an Allied invasion of France, since they are moving as many French factories as possible to Germany, it is obvious that they must increase the pressure on French workers to come to Germany. This is being done. The general staff also wants to make sure that when the Allies land in France the number of Frenchmen of military age who might help them will be as small as possible.

Germany's economic high command thought at first that economic pressure alone would be enough to make French workers come to Germany—that when their factories were closed in France they would follow the machines to Germany. When it didn't work out that way, the Nazis took their ration cards from workers who refused to come. Even so, the number who consented was so small that the Nazis had to resort to more direct compulsion. By instituting forced labor service they finally got results. At the beginning of 1943 there were about 400,000 French civilian workers in Germany. Of this number, 150,000 are said to be skilled workers. In the first quarter of 1943 a steady stream of men and women workers continued to enter Germany. And according to a United Press report, "Chief of Government Pierre Laval has placed at the disposal of Fritz Sauckel, German labor chief for the occupied territories, the entire 1,250,000 French soldiers held as war prisoners." The latest estimate of the French labor force in Germany, including civilians and war prisoners, is two million. These people are hostages in the hands of the Nazis, and as such will be used to discourage French cooperation with American and British invading forces.

As the time of invasion draws nearer, Germany's drain on the conquered countries increases. All Europe's economic life is being concentrated in Germany. Between Germany and the invading armies will lie a broad expanse of economic desert.

The two million captive French workers are an important factor in Germany's war production, but we must not forget that they, together with five million other foreign workers from all parts of Europe, will be a serious danger to the Nazis when the invasion comes—if they are given real reason to believe that we are waging political war on Nazism as well as military war on Germany.

Behind the Enemy Line

By ARGUS

THE shortage of consumer goods in Germany is much more severe than the shortage of food, and is growing worse. A great number of items, especially all articles of clothing, were rationed soon after the outbreak of war and can be bought only on points. But it is practically impossible to introduce the point system for all goods. A new device has therefore been invented. It is called the "household passport."

The "household passport" was first instituted on May 19 at Ludwigshaven on the Rhine. Now no one can buy an unrationed article, not a saucepan, sieve, or sheet of writing paper, without presenting his booklet. The shopkeeper for his part is obliged to write in the passport exactly what was bought, together with the name of his firm. Thus everybody's purchases can be controlled. If a housewife asks for coffee cups, the shopkeeper must look in her book to see whether she has perhaps already gone too far in buying coffee cups. If he thinks she has, he must refuse to sell her any. In any case the authorities can determine whether a person against

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whom suspicion has been aroused has been so lacking in patriotism as to consume too many brooms or lead pencils. It is a risk no one will want to run.

It is hard to understand what the German internal propaganda expects to accomplish by its continuing philippics against "grumblers." Anyone who grumbles shows by that act that radio talks and newspaper articles have no effect on him. But we can be grateful for these philippics, for from no other source do we learn so much about the real *Stimmung* in Germany. The Berlin *12 Uhr Blatt* of May 27 devoted its front page to grumblers. And it went farther than usual with an adjective which it prefixed to the noun. The article was entitled The Ubiquitous Grumbler, a creature whom it described as follows:

> He whispers the enemy's lies. He repeats the newest Jewish slogans and the most idiotic rumors. He casts suspicion on worthy men and grumbles about necessary war measures. He spreads the filthiest Jewish jokes and knows every piece of news that is likely to discourage our people.

That picture came from Berlin, where there are now as few Jews as in any German city—which makes one wonder about the "filthy Jewish jokes." Indeed, the jokes now being invented and circulated in Berlin are typical Berlin humor—pure Aryan. A Swedish traveler repeated one of the newest in the Stockholm *Arbedet* of May 31. After the last heavy bombing raid this story made the rounds: "The attack was so severe that hours later pictures of Hitler were still flying out of the windows."

Other wags live in Leipzig. The leading local newspaper, the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten,* complained of them in a bitter article printed on May 29. The editorial offices, it said, had lately been flooded with hundreds of telephone calls a day asking "whether this or that news was true." And it was always a question of some "atrocity tale" or other "lie" which the persons who called up had heard during "their illegal sessions with the London wave length." The most repulsive aspect of these incidents, the paper continued, was that the jokers were such cowards. "They never say who they are but simply hang up abruptly." It drew the astute conclusion that there must be malicious hostile elements in Leipzig and asked the public to cooperate in unmasking them.

More important is the revelation that dangerous elements have been discovered—for the first time—among the higher government employees. On June 2 the leading article of the *Nationalsozialistischen Parteikorrespondenz,* a paper not intended for the general public, launched a sharp attack upon persons "in responsible positions" who have shown themselves to be "merely trained experts, without genuine principles." The article demanded their discharge. "In critical times such people are a danger in public office. Their bad attitude, their lack of energy, their spiritual disintegration have a fatal influence on the morale of the people." "Anyone in a responsible position today must be capable of combating indifference, stupidity, and ill-will with strong convictions. He must be a father confessor who can hearten the doubters, punish the vicious grumblers, and extirpate the criminals." The experts show all too often a "sickly mentality."

News from Spain

Excerpts from the Talk of Three Spanish Sailors Recently Arrived in Cuba from Spain

I WAS in the port of Malaga the day news arrived that the Allies had entered Tunisia. It was a day when all restraint was cast off. The people embraced one another in the streets. They congratulated themselves. Crowds gathered everywhere, gesticulating and discussing. Many hundreds of persons were arrested that day.

The former *Guardias de Asalto* have been transformed into *Guardias Nacionales,* a new force of repression, on the pattern of the Gestapo. It has become extremely active in trying to prevent the civil population of the towns and villages from giving aid and support to the *guerrilleros.* Guerrillas have existed, as everyone knows, in Asturias and Andalusia since the end of the war, and no effort to dispel them has been successful. Now they have extended their influence into Castile, especially the province of Toledo. They are becoming a source of serious worry to the authorities.

In the port of Valencia I saw empty barrels being loaded on a boat for the United States. A group of Phalangists were watching the operation. Suddenly a voice came from the group: "How I would like to be one of those barrels!"

The middle class belongs to the past. In the last years people have become either very poor, real proletarians, or nouveau-riche. The best way to become nouveau-riche is to go into the black market and speculate with food.

One is a constant witness to the subjection of the Spanish police to agents of the Gestapo, which controls their activities in large cities and in small towns. It is the Gestapo which rules.

The terror in Spain has not lessened in four years. Sometimes for one month, two months, the number of executions drops, but only to mount again. It is a cruelty born of fear—fear that the Republicans will come back to power again to start *la segunda vuelta.*

Lately ships with wheat and meat from Argentina do not even pretend to unload at Spanish ports. They tie up for a little while, then proceed to Nazi-controlled French ports and to Italy.

In the ports of northern Spain one can see submarines entering or leaving the harbor in full daylight. They carry no flag. Everybody guesses that they are German.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"We Will Walk Like the Tapir"

BY MARIANNE MOORE

SAVAGE" and "brutal" are false terms, the brute is so often the man. In a documentary-film close-up, some years ago, of an elephant trimming a turf-bordered walk, the fingertip of the trunk was shown plucking off grass to an edge of better than humanly sheared precision. The elephant that piles teak scans the result from a distance, and if a timber projects too far, returns and pushes it into place with his head. Here at home, as the press seems to enjoy reminding us, the army is being reinforced by paratroop dogs and patrol dogs.

In the September, 1927, issue of the *Forum*, in an article entitled Can Man Keep Savage Virtues, Dr. Herbert J. Spinden says, "Brutality is hardly a proper character of savages or even of brutes. . . . Real people of the wilds are timid and retiring creatures, for all their sturdiness of bone and muscle"; and in the same article he speaks of a museum exploration trip in Honduras, made with the help of Paya Indians. Despite his "ignorance of the first arts of life," he says they were willing to aid him—seven of them, besides a woman with a baby—poling their way up the Plantain River in two boats hollowed out of mahogany logs. Having several specimens of worked stone to carry, they came to a deep pool in the creek with precipitous walls on either side. The stones were lashed to poles and could perhaps have been dragged through the water by means of ropes, but saying, "We will walk like the tapir," they tramped into the pool, and across, in water three or four feet over their heads. Dr. Spinden preferred to climb the rocky wall rather than go through the water, but before beginning the climb he handed his watch to an Indian, explaining that it was to be kept dry. "The Indian wrapped the timepiece in a leaf and putting the little package in his mouth dived to the other side." The woman was taking home a large grinding stone that weighed at least seventy-five pounds, and with the child slung in front carried the stone on her back the eight miles out to the river, helped by the men only at the deep pool.

A recent lecture by Dr. Spinden—Many-Sided Latin America was the title—augmented the view set forth in the Savage Virtues article, especially certain comments on Columbus as discoverer of the discoverers of America—the Indians, namely, who brought him the first pineapples he had eaten and excited wonder by "sleeping in a strange net they called a hammock." Then in answer to questions touching on the superiority hobgoblin, Dr. Spinden said anthropologists "think there is little difference between the highly skilled people of every race. The man with skill has a flair," that is all; or should one say, that is everything. "The difference is between the best members of a group and the worst members of the group, and the trouble comes from the people who haven't quite so much superiority as they think they have." (This feeling about flair would seem to be related to Amédée Ozenfant's thought that "talent in art is the innate awareness of what is great." Nor is Henry McBride playing cat's-cradle with us, one suspects, when he says he has the answer to a question young painters incline to ask. They wish to know what makes painting great, and the answer is easy—greatness of character.)

One of the most eloquent phases of savage resourcefulness is thrift, involving as it does responsibility to nature. "The actual use is a technique"—to quote Dr. Spinden's good-neighbor discussion again—"but back of it is a discipline." When the Indian caught a salmon and threw head and backbone into the river to generate new salmon, "it was unscientific, but as emotional restraint against waste it was magnificent." After removing a plant, the Indian was careful to drop a seed in the hole, and it is humbling to realize that no species of animal or growing thing was exterminated in America till the coming of our savage selves.

In England paper, metals, rags, *and bones* are salvaged. One pays a fine for throwing away a used bus ticket that could have been conserved as waste paper, and the grocer is not expected to furnish a bag with what he sells but to put it into the basket or shopping bag brought by the purchaser. If inadvertent waste is dismaying, intentional waste is treason; one does not like to be told by a fastidious, supposedly educated person that if we process our cans, "forty people who are paid to remove the paper from cans will lose their jobs." Self-interested waste, moreover, as part of chain advertising, is now a curious porcupine quill in the torso of slumbering civic indifference. Launched in rapid succession from widely separated cities, stout packets of order blanks and data with illustrations importune us to buy nuts, fruits, garden tools, magazines, electric appliances, dishes, or wearing apparel; and in answer to a request that one's name be removed from such and such a list, one is told it is not the firm's intention to burden anyone with an unwanted volume of mail, but that it is impossible to remove names on request, since circulars are mailed to addresses rented from others who have compiled them!

We could bear it if cosmetics that resemble house paint when worn, bugaboo perfumes, circus-wagon shoes, and lapel ornaments of the weather-vane variety could be converted into munitions. If uncompact printing and non-acute, speciously luxurious publishing could see themselves in a Joyce distorting mirror of energetic economy, alas, "Suffoclose! Shikespower! Seudodanto! Anonymoses!"

Morale, Professor Henry Wyman Holmes tries to persuade us in his book "The Road to Courage," implies something "over and above one's own advantage." What if the promoters of mother-father-brother-day spirit, and of commercialized sacred days of the calendar, should take to heart General MacArthur's words about Corregidor and commemmorating an anniversary? "Until we claim again the ghastly remnants of its last gaunt garrison we can but stand humble supplicants before Almighty God. There lies our Holy Grail." Surely we are not fit to live if we have not that indomitable feeling of being strong in defeat; if we are not, as Eugene

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Ginsberg puts it, under "command of the dead"—if they cannot "sinew us to victory"; if we do not "see them when we most are gay" and "feel them when we most are free."

"Be gentle and you can be bold" is an ancient Chinese saying; "be frugal and you can be liberal; if you are a leader, you have learned self-restraint." W. H. Hudson was unwilling to extol the bees for building their wonderful hexagons, since they were merely following instinct; but we are not bees, and when we undertake to be workmanly it is different; the most scientifically self-interested effort cannot effeminize one who walks like the tapir and works like the elephant.

Now It Can Be Told

WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY. By John T. Whitaker. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

HAD this book been issued at the beginning of 1942, before the American market was flooded by the volumes of newspapermen returning from the Axis countries, it would have been a best-seller. It is written with youthful liveliness and gusto, and many "good stories" may be gleaned from it which seem plausible even when they could not, obviously, be substantiated by unimpeachable evidence. The chapters on Germany, Spain, and Russia are excellent. The chapters on France and Britain tell us nothing which has not already gone the rounds. As for the chapter on Italy, it belongs to what may be termed "now-it-can-be-told" literature.

While living in Italy on very friendly terms with Mussolini and his son-in-law and Foreign Minister, Ciano, Mr. Whitaker published in the *Saturday Evening Post* of December 23, 1939, an article under the appealing title Italy's Seven Secrets. He revealed that Ciano jealously kept hidden in a safe three small books, "one bound in red and two in blue." They were written in Ciano's "small smooth Italian hand," but they showed also "notations in another hand," "the extravagant jottings of Il Duce." They contained "Italy's seven secrets." Mr. Whitaker was in a position to reveal those secrets.

Anyone who knew anything about Mussolini's foreign policies during the preceding seventeen years knew most of those seven secrets before Mr. Whitaker buried his nose in Ciano's books of revelations. In the end, Mr. Whitaker could claim a monopoly on no more than two disclosures: (1) Mussolini had signed the treaty of alliance of May, 1939, with Hitler with the aim of preventing him from going to war; and (2) Hitler, by attacking Poland, had broken the Axis. The truth of the matter was that on December 16, 1939, one week before Mr. Whitaker disclosed Italy's secrets, Ciano officially stated that when signing the treaty of May, 1939, he had explicitly informed Hitler that Italy could not go to war during the next three years. The fact that the treaty had been signed with such a qualification meant that Italy's non-belligerency was in keeping with the alliance, that Hitler was at the moment content with Italy's neutrality, and that the Axis had never been broken. Had Mussolini wanted to prevent Hitler from going to war, he would not have signed the unconditional treaty of May, 1939, but would have kept

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Hitler guessing whether Italy would remain neutral or join the Atlantic powers.

The climax of Mr. Whitaker's revelations in December, 1939, was reached in the story of Hitler's and Ciano's meeting before the invasion of Poland. Ciano had told Hitler that the British and the French would fight. "The German turned on him, screaming and sputtering in his paroxysm: 'You ass! You son of an ass!' " "The conversation was terminated *and with it the Axis.*" Inference: the French and the British should not disturb Mussolini and Ciano during the next months. Nay, they should furnish them with the raw materials necessary to build up their artillery and their tanks; when Italy's war preparations had been completed, Mussolini would fly to the aid of the "victors"—please notice "victors" in the plural, that is, not Hitler, in the singular, but the British and the French.

This was precisely what Mussolini and Ciano wanted of the appeasers of London, Paris, and Washington. They needed "all their diplomatic astuteness" to get raw materials and to prepare to attack the appeasers.

In December, 1939, Mr. Whitaker wrote: "The Italians are beginning to love him [Mussolini] as a benign figure. The people speak of him with affection and pride." When people had something to grumble about, they vented their ill-humor on the minor party leaders. But Mussolini remained, with "his matured political genius," the "wise and paternal leader." In 1943 Mr. Whitaker has revealed two more secrets. The first is that "power corrupts. Mussolini was no exception to the rule." Now it can be told. The other secret is that three months before the invasion of Poland Mussolini suffered a stroke. He then devoted himself to eroticism. He was no longer a "mature political genius," "the daring pupil of Machiavelli, Bismarck, and Cavour." He had become a tool in the hands of the German ambassador in Rome, who furnished young girls for his whims. He was now "as horrible a megalomaniac as Nero and Caligula." The man who in December, 1939, was described as "a typical affectionate Italian father romping on the floor with his youngest children" has become in 1943 an obscene, senescent satyr. That is why he attacked France and England in June, 1940. Had it not been for the stroke, he would have stabbed in the back Hitler and not France, and as a consequence he would still be a "matured political genius" and a "wise paternal leader" for Mr. Whitaker no less than for Mr. Churchill, the career boys of the American State Department, and many other respectable torch bearers of the four freedoms. I suspect that not only Mussolini but also Ciano suffered a moral stroke, not three months before the invasion of Poland, but on the very day that they were born.

While throwing mud at Mussolini, Mr. Whitaker remains loyal to Ciano. He reveals another secret. Ciano always has disliked the Germans. The Germans "ultimately will murder him." Clear is the inference to be drawn from such a harrowing prospect. The British Foreign Office and the American State Department must do away with Mussolini, but they can always do business with Ciano.

If this is "history," I intend to "escape" it with the maximum possible speed, and rather than teach it, I would hang myself.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

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Waldo Frank's Journey

SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNEY. By Waldo Frank. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.

I IMAGINE that most readers will find vastly more pleasure, as I do, in the vivid incidental murder than in the principal theme of "South American Journey." An account of the author's pro-Ally propaganda tour is of insufficient interest for a book of this length. I believe that Waldo Frank does accurately describe the state of the Latin American mind. And if there is a doubt, it is because one cannot believe that the North American or Anglo-Saxon intellectual, even when his mind contains so much valid Latinity as Waldo Frank's, can ever hope to feel the spiritual plight of the masses in the republics to the south. In fact, one's Latinity usually misleads one, for all that is truly Latin contains within it the will to fight. And if a man's Latinity is derived from the "rock, oil, and wine," as Ruben Darío put it, of Spain, then the hard rock will out and he will be mettlesome, and he *will* fight.

But that the war can have no interest whatsoever to a three-quarters starved Indian of Peru so long as our collaboration with the Peruvian dictatorship merely consolidates its power, Waldo Frank knows better than most of us. He knows it with his brain, however. He acknowledges that truth but does not feel its omnipresent power to depress and destroy. The reviewer is as earnest a supporter of the war as most men of his profession; yet he would hardly venture upon the spiritual insolence of asking a *roto* to go to war. As Frank says, we have bought the Peruvian cotton crop, for the duration, at boom prices, but the money does not go down to the workers in increased wages; it supports police persecution of those workers. Without our support of the Peruvian government, he roundly insists, unrest would suffice to stir the people to overthrow it. That the wretched *sertanejo* of Brazil has nothing to hope from this war is as true as that the Mexican land worker certainly has something to defend, even during the present recession of the Mexican Revolution.

With this reservation, then, that the poorer folk with whom Frank spoke comprise only one part of the mass, one can accept the author-traveler's reports. That a large part of the Argentine people were opposed to Castillo; that the intellectuals in particular are uneasy, if not enraged; that most of the clergy are not enthusiastic democrats; that the weak labor movement makes a rather pusillanimous opposition; that the pro-Axis organizations are tireless, wealthy, insolent, and violent; that the war seems geographically remote to the dweller on the pampas, are all important facts. The author's analyses of cause and effect, too, are good. He is not swept off his feet by a regime which he chiefly approves. That Chile has a popular-front government does not blind him to the fact that Chilean reformists and revolutionary parties, like most others, usually betray their followers. Nor does he give up his sensibilities when he travels in Brazil, of whose government he disapproves. Wherever he touches upon political or intellectual realities, Frank must be given full attention. But how he was entertained bores me to desolation.

Yet I would not sacrifice more than a few pages of the many that remain. In them you will find the old opulence of

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vocabulary that reminds one of Francis Thompson and prompts the thought that the Catholic strain in Frank is as visible as his Latinity. There is the same rich jungle of vivid "conceits" to slash through, the same spawny dampness in the air, the old rottenness underfoot and the invariable glades across which flutter the same huge blue Morpho butterflies that startled and delighted one in his other books. Unless one has Frank's metaphysical interests one will tunnel through long obscurities, or if one soars with him, as sometimes he will make you do, too often the strong wings will turn to gauze.

And, as before, you will turn over quickly the inevitable sentimental pages which tell of sexual encounters, and you will shortly come upon vigorous and manly things. After these will come embarrassing egotisms—egotisms so appalling that one wonders whether Frank dare be caught doing anything so common as listening to the Eroica. Hard upon the heels of these things will follow passages of insight quite unspoiled by petulance, egotism, or any other middle-aged emotion. You will be startled by such horrible great zombies as Frank's description of a folk as "earth-strong, earth-sick with the langorous longing of all earth to emerge and transcend itself: whether in trees, in bodies, or in dream." And on the same page you will nod your head approvingly at such a phrase, vivid, slightly overripe, and characteristically Frankian, as "*Uriburú*—Brazilian buzzards—wheel and dip; black, wise birds with red heads to show the carnality of their brains." In short, "South American Journey" is typical Waldo Frank—a jungle, but not by the orderly, clarity-loving Henri Rousseau.

It is, one notes, not his propaganda mission which brings out the best in Frank as a writer. His account of Brazil, where he lectured but little, far surpasses the chapters on the other countries. It is as if the vast spaces of the Argentine pampas allowed this forest-mind, this wanderer in damp green caverns, to become too diffuse, as if they flooded him with an excess of light and air. His Amazonian interlude is one of the best accounts of that land of heavy rainfall, brown forest rivers, and will-less derelicts that I have ever read. His warm-hearted and exact appreciation of the Negro people will give delight. It is a fascinating land, and though I know no more of Brazil than Rio, as I read I felt as if Frank and I were talking about a journey that we had made together.

RALPH BATES

Capitalism as a Fascist Plot

BUSINESS AS A SYSTEM OF POWER. By Robert A. Brady. Columbia University Press. $3.

SOME people these days are working on the problem of post-war corporate reserves—trying to see how the shift back to peace can be made easier. Others raise their sights and aim at stable, full employment through supplementary government action, or at keeping the market as free and competitive as possible by means of lower tariffs, anti-trust enforcement, dissolution, cooperative competition, and the like. Pessimists, fearful about our own lack of social and economic inventiveness, hope that Britain or Europe will work out something that we can borrow if and when the

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need arises. Still others talk about a mixed economy and how it can keep political power divided and flexible.

Professor Brady will have none of these things. Instead, his latest book is in the corrosive tradition of the early 1930's and consists of an indictment of the élite of capitalism and their power system. The book is not even a complete bill of indictment since it lacks a prayer for relief. And since it contains a sustained, though low-pitched and querulous, polemic, it can hardly be called a work of scientific scholarship. It does, nevertheless, marshal a tremendous array of facts, and its footnotes are often fascinating.

A chapter is devoted to the formation and behavior of each of the peak associations (*Spitzenverbände*) of manufacturers of Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, Japan, Vichy France, Britain, and the United States. Final chapters weave together the economic, social, and political implications of these power concentrations.

Professor Brady tells us that "nothing fundamental in the history, program, structure of organization, or social outlook divides clearly the policies of the *Spitzenverbände* within the 'totalitarian' countries from those of the liberal-capitalist states." And having isolated the supporting facts from everything else, he proves the point. This seems to me a good deal like proving that all steel rolling mills have a close physical resemblance to each other, whether they are found in Russia, Germany, or the United States.

But the author is a first-class fact-gatherer. He is aware of the notorious political impotence of the German middle classes and the contempt for democracy of the Prussian Junkers. As the most important spiritual source of Italian fascism, the book describes at length the social views of the Catholic church. In Japan the present consciously totalitarian set-up "represents in principle nothing essentially new for the Japanese," and Brady then stresses the past and present might of the *Zaibatsu,* the term being generally confined to the four great commercial families—Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo, and Yasuda.

Thus by playing fair with his readers Professor Brady has spoiled the implications of his own case. He will convince many that Axis humanity and its habits come from Mars and not from this earth. The answer is almost too easy: In this country we have no feudal ruling class of democracy haters, and our middle people have usually been up to their political jobs; all we know about medieval Catholicism we have read in books; and for us a totalitarian regime would be as new as an epidemic of bubonic plague. On top of it all, we are on our way toward twelve years of the administration of our government by a regime heartily hated by our own peak association, the National Association of Manufacturers.

Actually, of course, the case is impossible to prove either way. The three Axis nations are and always were uniquely different from the liberal capitalist democracies and different in ways in which the democracies do not differ from each other. On the other hand, another Huey Long could certainly some day be bowed into power by some of our leading magnates—there is no social law that would prevent it happening eventually even here.

A serious book like this, written during the second world war in a generation and while most of the melancholy problems of the between-wars period are still unsolved, demands a sequel. What sequel the author could possibly write remains hidden during the reading of most of the book. He clearly could not work on the problems of the free market and monopolistic competition because he believes that economic power frustrated by political means will seek and get political power. He could not, apparently, work toward a mixed system with powers permanently divided between different groups, because for him economic, social, and political control moves steadily toward unity, and whoever tries to stop the confluence is wasting his time.

Toward the end of the book, however, there is a hint about the needed sequel: "Contrary to certain implications of current usage, 'totalitarianism,' like 'bureaucracy,' is not necessarily undesirable if it is a coherent unifying philosophy and a general program of action which comprehend the totality of organized social life." And on the very last page occurs the phrase "anti-democratic 'totalitarianism.'" This implies of course that there is a "democratic totalitarianism" that can save us before it is too late.

Professor Brady should write his next book about "democratic totalitarianism," which seems to me to be a squared circle and a semantic monstrosity.

ALFRED WINSLOW JONES

Art Notes

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS from "Me and the Army" by Corporal Richard Gaige. Knoedler Galleries, 14 East Fifty-seventh Street, until June 18.

Every possible innocuous activity of Corporal Gaige's life in the army is covered by these neat but uninspired drawings. They should reassure any anxious mother about the busy dulness of her soldier son.

RECENT PAINTINGS by Milton Avery. Paul Rosenberg and Company, 16 East Fifty-seventh Street, until June 26.

Milton Avery paints large flat empty people in large flat empty spaces. Why do people who have so little to paint always choose the biggest canvases? Two of the landscapes, "Gaspé" and "Little Fox River," have a certain charm owing to their color, and "Green Settee" has design as well.

ALFRED H. MAURER. Buchholz Gallery, 32 East Fifty-seventh Street, until June 26.

Alfred H. Maurer, who was pursued by that "single hound, my own identity," is a really stimulating American painter. He committed suicide in 1932, and as is so often the case with good painters, received very little recognition until after his death. Elizabeth McCausland says in the preface to the catalogue that his work is dominated by "two categories of content, abstract still lifes and portraits of a woman. . . . It is as if the energy of his life had split into two streams running side by side—the one devoted to aesthetics, the other to the sublimation of personal experience." If this is true, then his capacity for personal experience fell far short of his capacity for aesthetic experience. His abstract still lifes have immense vitality, while the portraits become less alive as they become less abstract. One of them, however, No. 23, is superb and can compare with the best of the still lifes, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 11, and, finest of all, No. 13.

JEAN CONNOLLY

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MUSIC

THE Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo has in "Rodeo" a beautiful ballet which is still fresh and bright and excellently danced, not only by the principals but by all the participants. It gives Franklin one of his best roles—one which makes good use of his agility and charm; Roudenko is very good as the cowgirl, though de Mille herself is even better; but Pagent, whom I saw once in place of Kokitch, was very poor.

In addition there is "Le Beau Danube," suffering from the general shabbiness and half-heartedness, the general deterioration of personnel, the particular loss of Massine, but still delightful with Danilova in her old role of the street dancer, Youskevitch youthful and brilliant as the hussar, if not all that Massine was, and Woicikovska once in a while as the first daughter.

There is "Gaîté Parisienne," also down-at-the-heel, with the great hole where Massine's Peruvian used to be not filled by either substitute that I saw; but made exciting by the exquisite grace and emotion of Danilova's dancing as the glove-seller—the trouble being, however, that half the time one is likely to see instead the meaningless twirling and kicking of Slavenska in the part, which the audience applauds just as wildly.

Of older classics there is "The Afternoon of a Faun." In his comment on the Nijinsky photographs in *Dance Index* Edwin Denby remarks: "One can see that present dancers of Faun have not even learned Nijinsky's stance." That is something my unprofessional eye is unable to perceive; but I have no doubt of its truth, and of the fact that the "Faun" I saw a few weeks ago is vastly changed in detail from the one I saw in 1916. But what remains of the original conception is enough to make it a wonderful thing even in its present state. As for Youskevitch's performance, I think I would have found it impressive if I had not been seated so near the stage as to be distracted by grease-paint, straining muscles, and the like.

Of "Carnaval" I could get only a few glimpses from the second row on the extreme side—some of them of Woicikovska's vivacity and brilliance as Columbine. "Les Sylphides," with Slavenska, I did not see. Things like "The Magic Swan" and "The Nutcracker," which are endurable only if perfectly done, were made unendurable by the bad costumes, the sloppiness of the supporting company, the meaningless agility of Slavenska—the only redeeming feature being the few moments of Youskevitch's solo leaps and turns. Of that sort of ballet "Coppelia" came out best—with some brightness and life in the production, and Slavenska quite charming. "Scheherazade" and "Prince Igor" I did not dare to see.

The new ballets were Fokine's "Igrouchki," a little Chauve-Souris piece with Danilova, and his "Elves," which was even worse than the new ballets of last fall, Nijinska's "Chopin Concerto" and "Snow Maiden." "Pas de deux classique" turned out to be the *pas de deux* from "The Magic Swan," with Danilova giving the movements the flow of pattern and emotion they had lacked in Slavenska's performance.

Mark Woods, president of the Blue Network, was reported by the *Times* to have said that in commissioning Roy Harris to write a Sixth Symphony he had "made no demands or even suggestions"—don't applaud yet—"other than to hope that since he is essentially a man of the soil and one of our own his Sixth Symphony will be dedicated to the American fighting forces, and that it will be a symbol of the struggle which our nation is making and has made throughout its eventful history for the freedom of mankind." Only a hope; and such a modest little hope, too; and right up the alley of the Shostakovitch of America, who on any occasion of blood and tears stands ready and eager to commune publicly with his soul in forty-five minutes of incoherently bombastic sound accompanied by several pages of program-notes about why he did it and how he did it. In accepting the commission, reported the *Times*, "Mr. Harris said he would compose a 'major moral symphony' that would dwell on the Lincoln era, as significant today as were the trying times of Lincoln's presidency." I can hear it already; and I can hear Mr. Harris telling us what he did to make it moral, and what he did to make it Lincoln, and so on.

My ears are still aching from the Fifth Symphony, in which Mr. Harris told a world that had to know how he had been affected by the heroism of the Russian people. It was broadcast by the N. B. C. Symphony under Frank Black; and I heard it while waiting for Aaron Copland's "Lincoln Portrait." Copland, unlike Harris, is a man of musical talent; one has been aware of his command of his medium even when it produced ugly and repellent works; and for the ballets "Billy the Kid" and "Rodeo" it produced music that was fine-sounding and engaging. The music of "A Lincoln Portrait" is of this style, and could be used for another ballet like "Billy" or "Rodeo"; but in this piece its use and effect are those of incidental music in a play—to create an impressive atmosphere for the words of Lincoln. These words are well chosen; but I squirmed at the business of "He was six feet tall, and he said."

B. H. HAGGIN

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CONTRIBUTORS

STUART CHASE, one of the foremost American economists, is now writing a series of books for the Twentieth Century Fund, of which the third, "Where's the Money Coming From?" will be out in August.

H. G. QUARITCH WALES spent most of eighteen years in India and other parts of the Far East. He is the author of "Years of Blindness," which deals with the changes that are revolutionizing the East.

MARIANNE MOORE, one of America's most distinguished poets, was acting editor of the old *Dial* during its last three years. Her most recent book of verse is "What Are Years."

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Letters to the Editors

"Double Talk"

Dear Sirs: What kind of doubletalk is my friend James Agee handing us in his review of "Mission to Moscow"? He seems to approve the film's political objectives—except for the Moscow trials, where he shifts into tripletalk—and to detest its moral, aesthetic, and intellectual qualities. It might have occurred to him, in the course of his fancy ruminations, that there is generally a connection between the human and artistic value of a propagandist work of art and the quality of the cause it promotes. If "the deeper effect [of 'Mission to Moscow'] is shame, grief, anaesthesia, the ruin of faith and conscience and the roots of the intelligence"—he certainly throws the language around—one would expect so painfully scrupulous a reviewer to suspect something rotten in the film's thesis. The simple fact is that "Mission to Moscow" is what it is because it has a very dirty job to do.

The bias with which Agee, for all his protestations of political virginity, approaches "Mission to Moscow" emerges clearly when he admits "a painful impotence" to take any stand on the truth or falsity of the Moscow trials—after having written the following extraordinary lines: "It is good to see the conservatives of this country, Great Britain, France, and Poland named even for a fraction of their responsibility for this war. It is good to see the Soviet Union shown as the one nation during the past decade which not only understood fascism but desired to destroy it, and which not only desired peace but had some ideas how it might be preserved. . . ." How can Agee be so agonizingly indecisive about the trials and so blatantly, unqualifiedly cocksure about the even more complex questions of the Soviet Union and war, fascism, and appeasement?

Reluctant as I am to widen the area of Agee's impotence, I must ask him: (1) If Munich appeasement was shameful, as it was, why not also the super-appeasement of the Nazi-Soviet pact? (2) If the conservatives bear heavy responsibility for the war, as they do, why not also the Kremlin, whose pact was the match that touched off the explosion? (3) If the Soviet Union "understood fascism" so well, how does Agee explain (a) the "Social Fascist" theory of the late twenties, and the refusal of the Communists to make a united front with the German Social Democracy against Hitler; (b) Stalin's failure to send decisive aid to Spain, because of respect for the "non-intervention" farce, and his followers' joining with the conservative democrats within the Loyalist government to strangle the developing social revolution, which might have brought victory over Franco; (c) the Communist slogan in 1933, "After Hitler, our turn"—hardly a good example of "understanding" fascism; (d) Molotov's famous remark in 1939 about fascism being "a matter of taste"; (e) the support given to Hitler's peace drives, after he had conquered Europe, by Communist groups throughout the world—up to June 21, 1941, that is?

My friend Agee has a right to whatever opinions he likes, but he also has the obligation to harmonize these opinions one with the other. To leave unresolved the internal contradictions in his criticism, in the hope of somehow pleasing everyone, is doubletalk at a time when clarity on the kind of issue posed by "Mission to Moscow" is of vital importance.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

New York, June 2

Mr. Agee Talks Back

Dear Sirs: It was foolish to venture an opinion on a matter of which I am ignorant; I should have left that to men so conspicuously qualified to have political opinions that they are constantly crushing one another's skulls with the documentary evidence which proves, beyond any doubt, that each of them is right. Hereafter, I will try to stay out of it. Meanwhile I accept my friend Dwight Macdonald's reprimand as well deserved, and will proceed to answer his letter in detail as best I may.

As a matter of gratuitous honesty I must first say that the opinion which so particularly upset Macdonald remains unchanged. But it also remains, as it always was, a purely personal opinion. I will not try to defend it. I don't know enough to, and don't much believe in that sort of knowledge anyway.

But to reply more in detail. I recognize the existence of "a connection between the human and artistic value of a propagandist work of art and the quality of the cause it promotes," but question Macdonald's broad sequiturs. Much that is bad about "Mission to Moscow" is, merely, characteristic of Hollywood, as Macdonald himself would be well qualified to recognize if his political focus did not blur every other. On the other hand, quite a bit of the propagandist drive in "The Birth of a Nation," "Ten Days That Shook the World," "Old and New," Dovschenko's "Frontier" and his "Liberation" was questionable; but that did not prevent these from being great films.

In a highly qualified way, I approved just two of the political objectives of this film.

I neither "admit" nor "profess" an impotence to "take any stand" on the Moscow trials; I merely state it.

Macdonald's more pointed remarks I will find it hard to reply to—impossible, indeed, in the terms in which he makes them, for I am immeasurably (1) less well-informed than he, (2) less interested in being informed, (3) less concerned to have a consistent—or much of any less consistent—political point of view. So I shall have to answer merely as a politically unsophisticated—not to say uninterested—individual.

Speaking very generally to begin with, my remarks about the Soviet understanding of fascism and of the means by which peace might have been preserved were not intended to suggest that the Soviet Union had either total wisdom or a snow-white record. In answering Macdonald's questions in detail, I am not embarrassed, as I might well be if I felt bound either to defend or to attack every action of the Soviet Union, or if I felt Mr. Macdonald's reverence for fact.

1. There are appeasements and appeasements, with more of a difference between them than the word "super." One, I should say, was made without adequate understanding either of the enemy or of the consequences; the other, with a clear understanding of both. Both were shameful if you like, but one was intelligent, the other not.

2. Why not, indeed? But it does seem to me that by that time—for what complex reasons I don't know, nor, probably, does Mr. Macdonald—the Soviet desire for peace had shifted to the simplest and coldest possible desire for self-preservation. Yes, the pact set off the war; and I don't like the chestnut-pulling game, whoever plays at it (not even when my friend Macdonald constructs a

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device which causes me to do it for him); but I do assume it as inevitably to be expected of any nation—above all, of any nation which has to recognize that it is without a reliable ally on earth; and I feel, as Mr. Macdonald either does not or does not want to show that he does, that this is a secondary form of responsibility, the true weight of which rests again on the conservatives and the fascists.

3. As far as I could explain it at all, I would explain it as the characteristic, expediency-governed twisting and turning which I fear would seem—or perhaps be—necessary to those under the difficult obligation of practicing politics rather than the easier profession of theorizing about them. This does not seem to me incompatible with "understanding" one's enemies; indeed, it seems symptomatic of understanding—which I will grant is not synonymous with infallible probity, wise judgment, or successful conduct. (a) I know nothing of the Social Fascist theory and will attempt neither to explain it nor to learn anything about it. I would suppose that the refusal of a united front with the Social Democrats came more from a reluctance to join with an old set of enemies than from a lack of understanding of the new. (Am I wrong, by the way, in remembering that Trotsky, later on, disparaged the Popular Front; and if so, does this imply that he failed to understand fascism?) (b) Stalin, I always supposed, knew better than to get into a war without allies, and did everything he could for Spain under the treacherous circumstances. Perhaps Stalin's followers did not share Macdonald's opinion that the kind of social revolution which was developing in Spain might have brought victory over Franco. (c) I have no idea of the cause or context of the slogan, but remember a time when Mr. Macdonald and many other leftists felt that fascism was an inevitable late-stage historical process. I would agree that this implies an inadequate understanding of fascism, but I never claimed that that understanding was—or is—absolute, in anybody's mind. (d) During much of 1939 I was not reading the papers, so I first heard this famous remark only a few weeks ago. I have no idea what Molotov meant by it, nor will I bother to find out. I am quite willing to presume that it was a crooked remark or an ironic one; far less willing to imagine that it was a naive one, implying a lack of understanding of fascism. (e) I suppose that the Soviet Union desired peace for the time being, at whatever price to others immediately and to itself ultimately; and was as willing, during that period, to see the democracies defeated as the fascists. That this policy was reversed after the invasion of the Soviet Union is too obvious an irony either to amuse or to embitter me.

I cannot agree that I am under obligation to harmonize my opinions on matters which seem to me disharmonious beyond any sane possibility of harmonizing one's opinions about them: quite to the contrary, in fact. Any doubletalk, to say nothing of tripletalk, in my review or in this letter is open to the interpretation of the reader but is entirely unrealized by the writer. Macdonald is incorrect—as I half-suspect he knows—in saying that I wrote "in the hope of somehow pleasing everyone." That would have been characteristic of depths of political respect which I do not feel, of cowardice which I feel still less, and of a conscious disintegrity which I entirely disclaim. That I pleased anyone surprised me; for on this sort of question, unlike those who are at rest either within some faction or in the nonfactionalism I am by no means at rest in, I am incapable of pleasing myself. I agree with Macdonald that clarity on such issues is important; it is important, too, that we learn whether the human predicament is tragic or no worse than a bad cold, and act accordingly; and it would be convenient if clarity on that important question and quite a number less important were possible. As matters stand, though, one man's clarity is another man's poison—or may, which is worse, poison large portions of the human race; and my only point of rest is that though I desire clarity, I would rather be confused by confusion than by false clarity.

JAMES AGEE

New York, June 8

The Forgiven Man

Dear Sirs: As a very rich man I suppose I should be gratified by the new tax bill, but I confess that it not only alarms me but poses a very difficult personal problem. I am a married man without dependents, and my income for some years past has been about $1,000,000 annually. As a prudent man I have naturally made it a practice to set aside from income as it accumulated enough to meet my tax obligations. Now, thanks to Congress, I need not hand over to the Treasury the $854,000 I had earmarked for the payment of taxes on 1942 income. Instead, I will only owe $213,500, the payment of which can be spread over two years. Of course, 1943 taxes have to be paid, but these I shall meet out of current income. Consequently I have $640,500 in the bank to use as I like, and my problem is what to do with it. Even for a man of expensive tastes, it is difficult to spend a sum of this size. Of course, you may say why not invest it in war bonds; but this is where prudence and patriotism clash, for the inflationary implications of this tax bill, and other Congressional actions, make investment in fixed-interest-bearing securities quite a gamble. Shall I then hedge against inflation by buying common stocks or speculate in land? Perhaps you or your readers can advise me.

PERPLEXED MILLIONAIRE

New York, June 8

[We often get letters intended for the *Nation's Business* and we suspect this may be one of them. Nevertheless, we print it because of the light it throws on "the Ruml plan set to three-quarter time," as Representative Dingell described the forgiveness bill. We don't know how to advise our correspondent, but we should like to suggest to the Treasury that it relieve him of part of his worry by applying the rules governing the taxability of forgiven debts. If A owes B $1,000 and B generously tears up his note, that sum becomes part of A's taxable income for that year. Now why should not the $640,500 which our "perplexed millionaire" owed the Treasury and now will be excused from paying be added to his 1943 income? That would reduce his problem to a more manageable size, while the application of the same rule to all income-tax payers would produce for the public purse a considerable proportion of the extra $16 billion it needs this year.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Dear Sirs: Belatedly responding to a long-felt urge, I congratulate you on the acquisition of Diana Trilling as a regular contributor. Her intelligent criticism makes the weekly advent of *The Nation* particularly pleasurable. May her connection with *The Nation* endure.

PHILIP CHAPIN JONES

Northport, L. I., May 16

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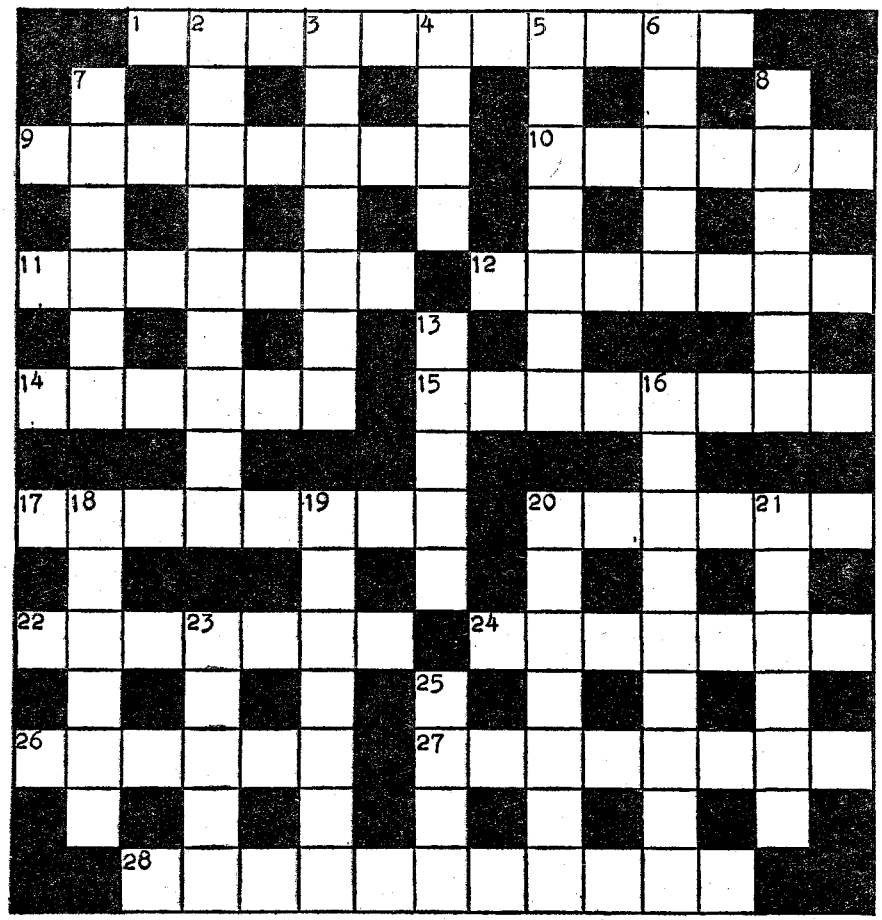
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 18

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Reverse the parts of this weapon (?) and it's what bachelors do
9 Special weight, when it's same ship, only different
10 You ought to see us do it in this work room
11 Better halved, so to speak
12 A bit above the Roaring Forties
14 Largest family in the English-speaking world
15 Large numbers in power
17 Fishy result of giving an operator tea
20 American war correspondent
22 In this case the German variety is preferred
24 It's very marked how was differs from is
26 Barbers and fiddlers do it for a living
27 Its wartime operations are beyond the ken of most of us (two words, 3 and 5)
28 Though no great interest is shown in Government issues, they rank among these (two words, 4 and 7)

DOWN

2 He takes what's left
3 Flame-throwers of an earlier and more peaceful period (two words, 3 and 4)
4 Otherwise in dregs
5 Stir tea to make it this
6 This craft is a feature of a tennis champion
7 How to keep well
8 Proud claim of New York City's police force
13 Consuming in this case is not using up!
16 We learned from him (two words, 3 and 6)
18 The more you cut it the longer it is
19 Scowled over the darkened landscape in Paradise Lost
20 Of his family tree nothing is known but the bark
21 Followed without intent to catch
23 Rude if prolonged
25 Dissolute fellow with teeth that stick out

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 17

ACROSS:—1 PURPLE; 5 PATCHES; 10 ARTICHOKE; 11 PETAL; 12 CORTEGE; 13 SECRETE; 14 TAILS; 16 AEROLITES; 18 RACE-GOERS; 20 PATER; 22 BENARES; 24 DESERTS; 26 OLIVE; 27 BANDWAGON; 28 SWEATER; 29 SPRITE.

DOWN:—2 UTTER; 3 POCKETS; 4 EXONERATE; 5 PRESS; 6 TOPICAL; 7 HOTTENTOT; 8 SOLDERS; 9 MASCOT; 15 INCENTIVE; 17 RESIDENTS; 18 RIBBONS; 19 GARMENT; 20 POST-WAR; 21 RESENT; 23 SOBER; 25 RIGHT.

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